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TURNING OVER THE NEW LEAF.

The year has begun. I turn a leaf,
All over writ with good resolves:
Each to fulfill will be in chief
My aim while earth its round revolves.
How many a leaf I've turned before,
And tried to make the record true:
Each year a wreck on time's dull shore
Proved much I dared, but little knew.

Ah, bright resolve! How high you bear
The future's hopeful standard on:
How brave you start; how poor you wear!
How soon are hope and courage gone.
You point to deeds of sacrifice,
You shun the path of careless ease;
Lentils and wooden shoes? Is this
The fare a human soul to please?

What wonder, then, if men do fall,
Where good is ever all austere;
While vice is fair and pleasant all,
And turns the leaf to lead the year?
Yet still once more I turn the leaf,
And mean to walk the better way:
I struggle with old unbelief,
And strive to reach the perfect day.

Why should the road that leads to heaven
Be all one reach of sterile sand?
Why not, just here and there, be given
A rose to deck the dreary land?
But why repine? Others have trod
With sorer feet and heavier sins,
Their painful pathway toward their God;
My pilgrimage anew begins.

Failure and failure hitherto,
Has time inscribed upon my leaves;
I've wandered many a harvest through,
And never yet have gathered sheaves.
Yet once again the leaf I turn,
Hope against hope for one success;
One merit mark at least to earn,
One sunbeam in the wilderness.

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

As soon as the servant had left and the door was closed, Martin said:

"Now, ma'am; what am I to believe? The letters that came to me saying as you was dead—in childbirth, too, as broke my heart pretty nigh, at the time—"

"I was nearly dead, John," said Mrs. Brown, "and I wasn't strong enough to say anything against it."

"Then who was it as invented all the lie?"

"It was my brother. Yes, indeed it was, John. He persuaded me that you'd never come back to me—that you'd never be able to keep me. And then he was proud, and hated to think that his sister was wife to a serving-man."

"Ah, that was your brother who was clerk to Budd, the lawyer at Fordham."

Mrs. Brown nodded. "He's a great man now, John, and, I daresay, he will do something for you, if you'll only go away and say nothing more about it."

"Ha!" cried Martin, "that's the way, is it? Why, my good woman," he said, looking round him, "how did you come by it?"

"I saved the money, John," faltered Mrs. Brown.

"You—saved—the—money," repeated Martin, in slow accents; "saved it—you? That's a lie, I know, Emmy, without going any further. If you'd had the aptitude for saving money, do you think I should have had to break up my home and seek service in a foreign land? No, that won't do, my girl."

"Well, anyhow, it's my own, and the law will protect me," said Mrs. Brown, plucking up a little spirit; "you've deserted me all these years."

"Deserted you, did I? And what about the letter telling me you was dead, and asking what was to be done about the funeral expenses; and me that was driven for money that I didn't know where to turn, and sent the money back for the funeral? Was that honest? Was that straightforward?"

"It was only a five pound note, John, and didn't go far," said Mrs. Brown. "My brother shall pay it you, and any other expense you've been put to, if you'll only go away."

"I don't mean to go away," said Martin, doggedly; "what should I go away for? I shall hang my hat up here, and stop. It's all mine—all that's here."

"You can't," faltered Mrs. Brown. "I'll send for the police. I'm a householder, a rate-payer; and you—what are you?"

"I'll tell ye what I am, ma'am," said Martin, rising; "I'm a two thousand pound man, I am. I didn't want to let lodgings for a living; no, nor nothing else. What I said about stopping here was all kid. I shall want to know something more about your goings-on, before I think about that. Who's Brown, now, in the first place?"

"*You* are Brown," said a low voice.

"What, I'm Brown, am I?" said the butler, laughing. "Brown, am I? Martin Brown or Brown Martin, is it? Why, woman," he said, fiercely, "I believe you've elevated me among the aristocracy."

"You are a monster—a monster," cried Mrs. Brown, covering her face with her hands.

"Well, we don't want to go on like this," said Martin, more coolly. "We're neither of us chickens now, and what's bygone won't hurt us much. Tell me one thing; was there a child—of mine, mind you, of mine—no aristocratic whelps?"

"There is, John; the one who was born when I was said to have died; a daughter — a girl. Oh, John; you must not interfere with her. She's been brought up a young lady, and she's going to marry a gentleman—the gentleman upstairs—Mr. Westley Wilford."

"Oh!" cried Martin; "here's a nice mess. Where is the gal? Is she here?"

"No, she's not here; she lives with her uncle; he's a rich man—a very influential, powerful man," repeated Mrs. Brown, with emphasis, "and if you want to say anything more, you must say it to him. Now you'll go, won't you? Please go—do; you've upset me very much."

"To hear her talk, you'd think it was me who had deceived her and kept her in the dark all these years," ejaculated Martin. "Well, look here, ma'am," he said, rising, "I'm not going to have much more to say to you till I've inquired and found out whether things are as straight as you make 'em out to be. But as for the gal, if she be mine, I'll have her; she shall come home to me to be a comfort to me. I've got money, and if she be what you say, a nice-looking, sprightly sort of gal, I'll take a bang-up public-house, and she shall serve in the bar."

"You wretch!" said Mrs. Brown, "to talk in that way of the girl's future. She's going to be married, I tell you, to a thorough gentleman."

Martin sat down once more, with his hands on his knees, and looked fixedly into the poor woman's face.

"That's the second time you've told me that," he said, "and I believe it's just as much a lie as the rest. Young Mr. Wilford, I tell you, is promised to his cousin, my young mistress; and if he wasn't, is it likely he'd marry the daughter of his mother's waiting-maid—of his uncle's serving-man?"

"Don't talk like that," said Mrs. Brown, angrily. "If I did serve as lady's maid, it was only because we were so reduced in circumstances that I was obliged to go out for a time, and when I demeaned myself by marrying you, I was an artless, silly, young thing."

"You might have been artless afore I knew you," said Martin, "and silly I don't doubt you've been all your blessed life; but that's neither here nor there. The point is, I mean to have my gal, and the first thing I shall do is to let Mr. Westley know she is my gal, and he'll have to ask my leave if he means anything serious."

"Oh, you obdurate wretch!" cried Mrs. Brown, "will nothing move you?"

"I want to see Mr. Wilford, ma'am. Is he in the house?"

"No; he is not in the house."

"Very well, ma'am; then I must write to him."

"For heaven's sake, forbear!" cried Mrs. Brown, clasping her hands in a posture of supplication. "If you could see the sweet child—there, you shall see her. They are at the Princess' Theatre to-night—she, my brother, Westley—they have a box. Go into the pit and see them. You know Westley? Very well, you can't help recognizing their party. Watch your daughter—see how handsome, how distinguished, how happy she looks; perhaps it will soften your heart. Go!"

"I will go," said Martin. "I'm fond of the play, and now it seems to me as I've a part of my own to act. Well, ma'am, good-night, and I hope you'll reflect seriously this night upon what you've done for me."

Mrs. Brown went into an attitude of thankfulness as soon as the door closed behind him. "Jane," she cried to the servant, "never let that man into the house again—do you hear! How dreadful to be pounced upon like this, after all these years. But, Providence be thanked, I am not alone to fight the battle with this man. Robert is more interested than I am, and he will know how to deal with him. But I must write now, at once, and put him on his guard."

Martin, meantime, made his way to the theatre, and was just in time for half-price. There was plenty of room to spare in the pit, and Martin seated himself comfortably and proceeded to take a leisurely view of all the people in the private boxes. It was not long before he recognized Westley, who was leaning over the chair of a brown, handsome girl, dressed in a dark evening-dress, her shoulders covered with a purple opera-cloak, trimmed with some costly fur. Beside her sat a gray, keen-looking elderly man.

"Can that splendid young woman be my daughter?" said Martin, to himself; "why, she looks more *distingues* than our girls at home! I don't believe any more in your aristocratic blood, when John Martin's daughter outshines the best of them."

Martin saw nothing of the play, but watched the party in the box intently! Before long, the young lady seemed to become conscious of this unremitting scrutiny: she grew restless and uneasy, and looked about here and there. At last she appeared to see the person who was so persistently staring at her, and she turned her glass upon him for a moment. Then she looked round at young Wilford and spoke to him, upon which he, also, directed his lorgnette upon Martin, whom, no doubt, he recognized at once, for he smiled in an embarrassed way, and whispered something in the ear of his fair companion. She shrugged her shoulders half disdainfully, and directed her further attention to the stage.

As soon as the piece was over, they rose to leave, and Martin, who had made up his mind to strike whilst the iron was hot, went out too, and stationed himself in the lobby to see them depart. The cries that resounded from the linkboys for Mr. Petworth's carriage, brought out of the foggy gloom a neat pair-horse brougham with glittering lamps. Olivia made a dash across the muddy *trottoir* and into the carriage; young Westley followed, and Petworth was about to bring up the rear, when he was touched on the shoulder by John Martin.

"Are you the Petworth that was once with Mr. Budd, of Fordham?"

"What is that to you, my good man?" said Petworth, cheerfully; and was about to cross the pavement, when Martin detained him by the arm.

"I am John Martin," he said, "whom you may remember. I must speak to you."

Petworth frowned and stamped his foot, but seemed to recognize the importance of the summons, for, after a moment's hesitation, he said, "Very well," and went and told Olivia that he was detained for a few minutes by a sudden business call, but that he would be home almost as soon as they. Then he turned to Martin and bade him lead the way to some place where they could talk alone. Martin took him to the supper-room of a tavern close by, which had not yet filled with its hungry and thirsty frequenters; and here, in the further corner of the room, they found an unoccupied box, where they could carry on a conversation in a low tone without danger of being overheard.

"Well, what do you want of me, Martin—if that's your name?" said Petworth. "Look sharp, for I'm in a hurry."

"In the first place, Mr. Petworth, why did you write to me and tell me that my wife was dead?"

"I write to you and tell you that your wife was dead? Mercy on us, the man's mad!"

"Your name was to it, anyhow."

"Then it was a forgery."

"And your sister acknowledged as much to me not two hours ago."

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"BLESS MY SOUL," SAID FRAMLINGHAM, PUSHING BACK HIS CHAIR WITH A LOUD SCHOOF, "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THE BROTHER'S NAME'S PETWORTH?"

"Very likely. Did you ever know her tell the truth?"

"I must have some compensation for all this," said Martin, shaking his head.

"Look here, Martin, the fact lies in a nutshell. You marry a girl against the will of her relations; you desert her and go abroad, leaving other people to maintain her. Very well, you come back years after, and you have the effrontery to speak to her friends of compensation. I tell you what I shall do with you. I shall bring an action against you for your wife's maintenance ever since you left her—it will come to about a thousand pounds—and I'll have a judgment against you before you're many weeks older."

Martin was quite astounded at the turn affairs had taken in Petworth's vigorous hands. He sat open-mouthed over the untasted whisky-toddy that he had ordered for the benefit of the house. His face turned white; his nose looked quite peaked.

"And there was the funeral expenses," he muttered, at last, "that I sent over in a bank-post bill."

"Funeral fiddlestick!" said Petworth. "Did you ever send your poor wife any money? It's more than I knew of, if you did. Well, have you anything more to say?"

"My daughter!" gasped Martin; "I'll have my daughter."

"Ah, yes, there's the child," said Petworth. "Education, maintenance, and so on, will come to as much more. A heavy bill against you, Mr. Martin. Settle that, and you shall have the goods—blooming wife and everything."

Martin was quite appalled by the picture thus presented to him. Then it was really possible that all his hardly-won savings, his well-earned legacy, would melt away to nothing, torn from him by the hands of this unscrupulous lawyer. He felt himself quite overpowered by the energetic vehemence of Petworth. He was not used to cope with such people. All that he desired now was to effect a safe retreat.

"By the way," said Petworth, taking out of his pocket a small notebook, "let me have your address, and that of the solicitor you mean to employ."

Martin stammered and hesitated. Why should he give this man his address, that he might serve him with a writ next day? And yet to refuse it was evidence of being thoroughly cowed and frightened.

"Framlingham is my lawyer, sir," he said at last. "As for my own address, I don't feel justified in giving it."

"Please yourself," said Petworth. "I'm sure I should never have sought you out if you hadn't sought me. Now, good-night; and if you've anything more to say you can come to me at my chambers in Victoria street, Westminster."

Petworth retired, apparently master of the field. But Martin, although for the moment cowed, was not really disposed of.

CHAPTER XV.

AS YOU PLEASE.

Mr. Petworth's sudden summons from his carriage door at the Princess's theatre that night had an unlooked-for effect in hastening the progress of events in another direction. Alone in the carriage with Olivia, Westley felt himself powerfully moved to make some overt declaration of his affection for her. He really had an affection for her. She had won over him a considerable influence; and now that Audrey had rejected him, there was no one else who occupied so much of his thoughts. With all this, he would never have thought in his present position of any matrimonial overtures, had he not received a certain amount of encouragement from Petworth.

Petworth had more than once during the past few days significantly stated that Olivia, if she married with his consent, would not want for fortune, and that eventually she would inherit all he had to leave—Puffin Abbey and other properties, besides a considerable personal estate. Nor did he care about her marrying a rich man. He wanted her to marry a gentleman—some one who could give her a position in which her fortune should be of use to her.

"I don't conceal from you, Westley," Petworth had said in his most impressive manner, "that there is a certain amount of prejudice against me and mine in what is called society. I am looked upon as a very black sheep in certain circles. It don't trouble me; with the *mens conscia recti* I can go on and afford to despise all this. But it's different with the girl. I want her to get into a good set when she marries, so that sneers and innuendoes will be silenced. Now many people would say, 'Oh, you can secure all that and have fortune as well.' That may be; but it might be far to seek, and, to tell you the truth, I don't care to begin seeking it. My practice through life has been to turn to account the thing that comes to hand. There, that's candid, Master Westley, isn't it?"

He had been equally open-hearted with his adopted daughter.

"Now, Livy," he had said, "if you should have taken a fancy to a young fellow who's a gentleman, don't you shut your heart against him because he's poor or down in his luck. I tell you that as long as you keep on the right side of me you can have what fancies you like."

"Suppose I want the moon?" said Olivia in reply.

"The moon!" said Petworth; "that's not to be had for money; but these young chaps are. Mind you, I don't want you to get married—I'd sooner you didn't as far as I'm concerned; but I reckon you've begun to think about it, and I don't want you to be disappointed as far as I can help it."

"You're a very good old papa," said Olivia, giving him a kiss; "but I don't think I shall trouble you to buy a husband for me. If I'm to have a sort of ornamental one to hang at my watch-chain, I'd rather be without one."

But Olivia had thought over Petworth's words, and had clearly seen what they applied to. She liked young Wilford; she pitied his misfortunes; if she could be the means of relieving them she would be very glad.

Still she was not altogether prepared for any immediate declaration; and when Westley, finding himself alone in the carriage with her, in a moment of enthusiasm seized her hand and carried it to his lips, she withdrew it sharply with some indignation.

"Forgive me, dear Olive," said Westley; "I could not resist the temptation. If you only knew how much I love you!"

"I don't know anything about it," said Olivia, entrenching herself in her own corner of the carriage, her only thought for the moment to put off the declaration that seemed so imminent.

"Then I have deceived myself," said Wilford. "I had thought that you had noticed my growing love for you, and had not disapproved it. How miserable you will make me if you tell me that I have been deceived!"

"I don't want you to be miserable," said Olivia, in a more conciliatory voice; "but I don't want anything serious between us—not yet, at all events."

"Not yet!" cried Wilford. "Ah, that is better; you give me hope now. But why put me off? I believe—ah, I believe, Olivia, that you are not so indifferent as you pretend to be. If you do love me the least bit in the world, do tell me so, and put me out of my misery."

"Not the smallest fraction in the world," said Olivia, stoutly.

But something in her eyes must have betrayed her, for Westley, undismayed, seized her by both hands and drew her towards him, and kissed her warmly on the lips and eyes. Olivia disengaged herself, but seemed more frightened than angry, retreating into her corner, and gazing at him with wide-opened eyes, her lips half parted, and her breath coming and going very quickly.

"I suppose you think this settles the matter," gasped Olivia, after a moment's silence.

"As far as we are concerned," said Westley, defiantly. "You can't take yourself back from me now."

"But I did not give you leave," said Olivia. "I have not made up my mind."

"My darling, you are too young to make up your mind without a little help. Don't trouble yourself any more; leave all the rest to me."

Olivia seemed to think that a state of quiescence was the best under the circumstances, but she did not encourage any further tendernesses, and very few words were spoken between them during the rest of the drive.

Westley sprang out of the carriage as soon as it stopped at the hotel, and helped Olivia to alight.

"I shall come in, Olivia," he said, "and wait for your father—for Mr. Petworth."

"As you please," said Olivia; but she made her way to her own room directly, and did not appear any more that evening.

Petworth returned in about half an hour's time, and Wilford lost no time in telling him what had happened.

"Well," said Petworth, with a deprecatory shrug, "young people will be young. I've a good deal of confidence, in you, Westley, and I've a very high opinion of your abilities."

"I should hardly have thought it," said Westley, smiling, "seeing the result of my manifestations so far."

"Never mind that," said Petworth; "you were in a false position then, and suffered a good deal from a mistaken sense of honor. But as matters stand, don't you see it's a terrible risk. Olivia's not out out for a poor man's wife. But still we must see what we can do. Now suppose we'll say you're married, you two. Well, I am prepared to allow you a thousand a year."

"Upon my word you are a generous man," said Westley.

"Never mind that. Of course, I should make conditions. I must take care your old creditors don't get a pull out of me. Well, in consideration of this, I should require you to covenant to settle any property that you might hereafter acquire upon your wife and the issue of the marriage."

"That's rather a nugatory provision, I'm afraid," said Wilford. "If I don't make a fortune, I'm not likely to have another one left me."

"Still, as a matter of form," said Petworth, "I should require it to be done. Well then, after that, Westley, you must see what you can do for yourself. Your bread-and-butter will be sure. You must turn your hand to something—business, eh?"

"Something of that sort," said Westley. "I must get you to coach me up in those things."

"Well, there's time enough to think of that. The first point is the marriage. If you and Olivia have really fallen in love with each other, I don't see why there should be any long delay. Your affairs, you know, are in a very awkward condition, and I might be able to negotiate better for you if you were out of the way for a while. Now my idea is this. You go and stop at Puffin Abbey and make my wife's acquaintance, and get to know a little more about Olivia. Nobody will think of looking for you there. Then at the end of a few months, if you are both still of a mind, you can get married quietly at our little parish church, and slip off from Southampton to where the deuce you please. Take your twelvemonth abroad. In the meantime I'll arrange with your creditors here, and you shall come back a free man, with your career before you."

"My dear fellow," replied Westley, warmly, "I don't know why you should do so much for me."

"Never mind that," said Petworth. "I'm fond of my girl, and I'd do anything to make her happy. Do you agree to it all—that's the point?"

"To everything," cried Wilford. "It is all too good for a broken-down good-for-nothing fellow like me."

"Tish! never mind that," said Petworth. "I was nearly broken-down myself when I was your age. It's nothing when you're young. Well, to-day's Thursday. Saturday I'm going down to Puffin Abbey. Suppose you two go down to-morrow and tell 'em I'm coming. You'd rather travel by yourselves, I daresay. Take the morning train, as you've nothing to do. I'll telegraph for the carriage to meet you. By the bye, next Wednesday's the Derby, ain't it? Well, I would'nt show there—keep dark, that's your plan now."

"And yet I should like to see Astyonax run," said Westley.

"How do you know he is going to run?" said Petworth, dryly.

"You'll never scratch him, Petworth! Oh, it would be a shame, a crying disgrace to us! I say to us, Petworth, for we are to be of one family now."

Despite all his worldliness Petworth was a little touched at this appeal. It was an acceptable offering to his self-esteem, an incense of a sweet savor—the Squire of Wilfordhurst putting himself on a level with the village boy. Petworth felt in his secret heart more flattered than he would have done with a similar recognition from a royal duke.

"He shall run, my boy, he shall run," cried Petworth—"that is if he's fit, and Jackson reports well of him. We shall have a spin for our money, at all events."

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED COMPLICATION.

On the morning following his interview with Mr. Petworth, Martin felt uneasy under the threats that Petworth had made use of, and determined to satisfy his mind as to their validity as quickly as possible. He, therefore, as soon as his morning's work was over, obtained leave of absence for a few hours, and went to see Mr. Framlingham.

Framlingham was at his desk as usual, looking as gay and sprightly as was compatible with his general gray, feeble and faded appearance. He received Martin with cordial condescension, inquired anxiously after the family at Avenue Gardens, and made the butler sit down by the fire whilst he unfolded his budget.

Martin's story was to this effect. When a young man of thirty or so, he was a servant in the household at Wilfordhurst. There he fell in love with, and married a young girl, a sempstress, sometimes employed at the Hall, who had once acted as maid to Miss Wilford, the Squire's sister, who had till then lived with her brother, a copying-clerk in a lawyer's office there, the lawyer's name being Budd.

"Precisely," interrupted Framlingham; "I know the name well; a good old country firm."

Then Martin went on to say that his wife's brother, a proud young fellow, was very angry at his sister's marriage, and refused to take any notice of them after that. He was obliged to keep his wife in lodgings in the village, and his wages being small and his wife not a good manager, he got into debt, heavily for him, and was threatened with imprisonment. That thereupon he arranged with his wife that she should carry on her business as sempstress for a while, and that he should go away and try to get a better place in London.

It happened at that time, however, that young Mr. Wilford, as he was called then—Mr. Arthur that is—had just returned from Spain on a short visit home, and wanted a servant. The opportunity seemed a favorable one, and Martin took advantage of it, intending to send for his wife as soon as he could arrange a comfortable home for her.

Before he had been many months away, however, he received a letter with the London postmark, purporting to come from his wife's brother, announcing her death in childbirth, and that of her infant. Martin had sent money back to pay the funeral expenses, and had written to some friends of his at Fordham to ask what they knew of his wife's untimely end. He received in return a simple acknowledgement of the money, and in reply to his inquiries at Fordham, he was informed that his wife and also her brother had left, it was thought, for London shortly after his departure, and that nothing else had been heard of them till the report came of her sudden death.

"There didn't seem to be any doubt of the truth of it, sir," added Martin, "because it was in print."

Here Martin unfolded some old yellow faded writings and took out a slip of paper, to which was pinned a fragment cut from some newspaper, which he handed over to Framlingham.

"Yes, I see," said Framlingham; "all in black and white. It would be more satisfactory to know the name of the paper and the date from which this extract is cut."

"That I know nothing about," said Martin; "but there wasn't a doubt in my mind about the matter, and no occasion either, as far as I can see. Well, sir, we've been back here about ten years."

"Did you visit your wife's grave on your return?" asked Framlingham.

"As I told you, sir, I heard nothing about where she was buried, no particulars at all, only wanting money; and when I'd sent the money, not a word further. And now, Mr. Framlingham, I want to know if they can't all be indicted for obtaining money on false pretences."

"Stop a bit," said Framlingham; "let us hear the whole story first. If the money went to bury your wife——"

"She never was buried, sir: no, nor even died; it was all a cheat, sir, palmed off upon me. I see her last night, sir, in a well-furnished house, giving herself out, sir, as a Mrs. Brown."

"Aha!" cried Framlingham, "quite a romance, upon my word. And now you want—what is it you want?—restitution of conjugal rights, eh?"

"No, sir," said Martin, severely; "I don't want any rights of that sort. For twenty years I've done without a wife, all the time that she was young and buxom, and I don't want one lean and shrivel up like she is now. Not but what the furniture seems solid and substantial, and if I was satisfied as she'd been an honest woman all the time, perhaps I might give way a bit."

"I see," said Framlingham, biting his pen; "you'll stand out for terms, eh? Well, what do you want me to do in the matter?"

"I want to know if I can't have the law on this chap Petworth?"

"Bless my soul!" said Framlingham, pushing back his chair with a loud scroop, "you don't mean to say the brother's name is Petworth?"

"That's the name, sir. A very overbearing gent, too—for he's quite a gent now, as far as a lawyer can be one, saving your presence, sir; drives his own carriage and all; has his chambers in Westminster."

"Well, that's funny," said Framlingham. "Fancy coming at Master Petworth in this way! You don't happen to know why he left Fordham in such a hurry, eh?"

"No, sir; I've heard nothing from the place since, except about my poor wife—the deuce take her! None of my people were much of scholars, sir; and, to say the truth, I never wanted to hear nothing more about the place—a nest of roguery."

"I see," said Framlingham; "associations not agreeable, eh? Well, I don't see that anything can be done at this distance of time. I should let the matter sleep, if I were you."

"But if I would, Petworth won't let me. He's threatening me with an action for the keep of my wife and daughter for eighteen or twenty years. He can't do it, can he, sir?"

"Egad, I don't know," said Framlingham, rubbing his hands. "It is a nice point. Of course the statute of limitations would bar him for more than seven years back."

"And you think he might for seven years?"

"Upon my soul, I can't give you an answer off-hand. I must look up the authorities. Of course you'd fight the thing step by step?"

"And there'd be a good bit of costs, I suppose?"

"You can't go to law for nothing, certainly," said Framlingham.

Martin groaned, and wiped the perspiration from his face.

"It might swamp all my legacy, sir," he cried, "that Mr. Arthur left me."

"Ah, that would cover it well; and then you've the chance of winning, you know, Martin. It's all a lottery, is law—that kind of law," said Framlingham, contemptuously. "Compromise; that's the best plan. Don't go into court—a regular toss up."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Martin, "it's Job's comfort I've got out of you, Mr. Framlingham. Well, sir, if you'll let me know what I've got to pay for this advice, sir——"

Martin carefully drew out a bulky wash-leather pouch and looked wistfully at the lawyer.

At this moment a clerk put his head in at the door and announced that a Mr. Budd, solicitor, from Fordham, wished to see Mr. Framlingham.

"An extraordinary coincidence," said Framlingham, "that we should just have been talking about the very name. Don't go yet for a moment, Martin. I will just recall you to this gentleman's mind; perhaps he may give us a notion or two. Show him in, Smith. As for the fee, my dear fellow, put up your purse. Perhaps I'll send you a little note some of these days when the executorial business is finished. Mr. Budd, sir, I'm happy to make your acquaintance."

Mr. Budd, a dark, close-shaven, business-like-looking man, entered and bowed to Framlingham, throwing a quick glance at the other occupant of the room.

"Not the Mr. Budd," continued Framlingham, "that I knew in my youthful days, who served part of his time with me at Scott & Limpet's. Martin, I won't detain you any longer. Good-bye, old friend."

"No message for the young ladies, sir?" said Martin, resignedly.

"I think not. Stay; you can give Miss Wilford my love, and tell her that I will come up and see her this evening about a few matters of business."

"And perhaps you'd think over that affair of mine, sir, and do your best in it?"

"I'll consider the matter carefully, and take counsel's opinion if necessary."

"There'll be no great expense, sir, in that?"

"Oh, no, a trifle; five guineas, perhaps—not more. Good-day, Martin."

Martin went out full of tribulation and care.

"That's the beginning of it," he said to himself; "that's the hole all my savings is going to be swept into."

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Budd unfolded the object of his visit. He had in his pocket the contract for the purchase of the Wilfordhurst estate, which had been signed by Arthur Wilford on the morning of the day he died.

This document came upon Framlingham with startling unexpectedness. He had heard nothing about it before. He was almost inclined to dispute the genuineness of the deed. Still, when he came to reflect, he saw how likely it was that his client, making up his mind all of a sudden, had actually signed the contract on the day of his visit to Fordham. That was the meaning, then, of the urgent summons that he had sent to Framlingham to meet him that evening. The step he had taken perhaps necessitated some alteration in the arrangement of his will; and, after all, the alteration had not been made.

Mr. Framlingham's head swam round as he tried to recall the exact provisions of the will. Mr. Budd was waiting impatiently for his reply, and he did not know what to say. He had the vague impression that some great misfortune for the Wilfords hung upon this newly-produced deed, but he could not for the moment see how they were affected by it.

"My client, you see," went on Budd, with a half smile of pity for the semi-imbecility of the old lawyer, "is very anxious to complete. We are prepared with everything, and want the matter done out of hand."

"A hundred and twenty thousand pounds," repeated Framlingham, vaguely looking over the deed of contract in his hand.

"Yes, that's the purchase money, and a very good bargain, too, for your clients. I believe that it would sell for twenty thousand more, cut up into convenient lots."

"Then why not cancel this agreement?" said Framlingham, eagerly. "It is a matter entirely between ourselves. I may say that my clients would be glad to pay a moderate forfeit rather than complete. Come, I don't mind taking the responsibility of advising my clients to pay a thousand pounds, and five hundred for costs, to have this agreement canceled."

"That looks suspiciously like a bribe," said Budd, shrugging his shoulders. "How would such an agreement as that stand the scrutiny of the courts?"

"But it is entirely between ourselves. Not a soul but me knows of the existence of this deed."

"Pardon me," said Budd, "it is already known to a third party, and that a very open-eyed, vigilant party, too."

"'Tis impossible," said Framlingham. "My client was not given to talking about his affairs to strangers. Who knows anything about it?"

"Petworth does."

Framlingham dropped his pen and turned quite pale.

"How do you know that?" he said.

"We had a letter from him—rather a saucy letter. You know he was after the property, and wanted to step into our client's shoes as mortgagees in possession; but I think I was the means of defeating that little scheme. Well, he wrote to us that under other circumstances he might have pulled us up for selling the property too cheaply, but that as the purchaser was the uncle of the late owner of the estate, and the matter seemed to be one of family arrangement, he did not intend to interfere further. Now what can you do with a fellow like that at your heels?"

Framlingham shook his head. He saw now that the way he had proposed was no longer available. The only plan he could think of was to procrastinate as much as possible.

"You'll give us a little time to consider, Mr. Budd, to make our arrangements consequent on this novel state of affairs. This day month shall we appoint for an interview to go into the whole matter?"

Budd looked doubtful.

"We expect to have the whole completed, and the purchase money paid by this day month. You see our clients are people who make use of money; well, there is a complete lock-up here till the matter is settled. We don't want to press you unduly, but we must have a settlement."

"Well, you shall hear from me," said Framlingham. "I will consult with my clients, and you shall hear from me."

"By the day after to-morrow at latest, mind," cried Budd; and took his leave briskly.

Then Framlingham hunted out a copy of Arthur Wilford's will, and perused it carefully from end to end. He folded it up with a gesture of despair.

"The poor dears," he said, his eyes filling with tears; "the poor creatures; they will be robbed of every penny!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT WE LEARN.

BY E. L. BENTON.

To hide a grief behind a smile,
To laugh when ev'ry nerve is wrung,
When ev'ry careless, merry tone
Wounds deep as though an adder stung:
To sing a strain of heedless joy,
To carol like a happy bird
When aches the soul with saddest pain,
With pain that every strain hath stirred;
To dance along the path of life
As though 'twere strewn with flowers sweet,
When ev'ry step relentless thorns
Pierce sore the weary, heavy feet.
We learn, we teach earth's bitter leaven—
God grant we may forget in heaven!

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TATTOO THAT NEEDS RETOUCHING.

The great Pacific current in many respects resembles the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. Passing eastward under the Aleutian Archipelago, it impinges upon the American continent, by Vancouver's Island; thence setting southward, along the California coast, curves round horse-shoe shape, and strikes back for the centre of the South Sea, sweeping on past the Sandwich Isles. By this disposition a ship bound from San Francisco for Honolulu has the flow in her favor; and if the wind be also favorable, she will make fast way.

As chance has it, both are propitious to the Crusader; and the war-ship standing for the Sandwich Islands will likely reach them after an incredibly short voyage. There are two individuals on board of her who wish it to be so; counting every day, almost every hour of her course. Not that they have any great desire to visit the dominions of King Kamekameha, or expect pleasure there. On the contrary, if left to themselves, the Crusader's stay in the harbor of Honolulu would not last longer than necessary to procure a boat load of bananas, and replenish her hen coops with fat Kanaka fowls.

It is scarcely necessary to say that they who are thus indifferent to the delights of Owyhee are the late-made lieutenant, Crozier, and the midshipman, Cadwallader. The bronzed Hawaian beauties will have small attraction for them. Not the slightest danger of either yielding to the blandishments oft lavishly bestowed upon sailors by these seductive damsels of the Southern Sea. For the hearts of both are yet thrilling with the remembrance of smiles vouchsafed them by other daughters of the sunny south, of a far different race—thrilling, too, with the anticipation of again basking in these smiles under the sky of Andalusia.

Before reaching the Sandwich Islands, they receive a scrap of intelligence which in some respect cheers them. It has become known to the Crusader's crew that the frigate is to make but a short stay there—will not even enter the harbor of Honolulu. The commission intrusted to her captain is of no very important nature. He is simply to leave an official despatch, with some commands for the British consul; after which head round again, and straight for Panama.

"Good news; isn't it, Ned?" says Cadwallader to his senior, as the two on watch together stand conversing. "With the quick time we've made from Frisco, as the Yankees call it, and no delay to speak of in the Sandwiches, we ought to get to the Isthmus as soon as the Chilian ship."

"True; but it will a good deal depend on the time the Chilian ship leaves San Francisco. No doubt she'd have great difficulty in getting a sufficient number of hands. Blew told you there were but the captain and himself!"

"Only they; and the cook, an old darkey—a runaway slave, he said. Besides a brace of great red baboons—orangs. That was the whole of her crew, by last report. Well; in one way we ought to be glad she's so short," continues the midshipman. "It may give us the chance of reaching Panama before her; and, as the frigate's destined to put into that port, we may meet the dear girls again sooner than we expected."

"I hope and trust we shall. I'd give a thousand pounds to be sure of it. It would lift a load off my mind—the heaviest I ever had on it."

"Off mine, too. But even if we don't reach Panama before them, we'll hear whether they've passed through there. If they have, that'll set things right enough. We'll then know they're safe, and will be so—*Hasta Cadiz.*"

"It seems a good omen," says Crozier, reflectingly, "that we are not to be delayed at the islands."

"It does," said Cadwallader; "though but for one thing I'd liked it better if we were to stay there—only for a day or two."

"For what reason?"

"There!" says the midshipman, pulling up his shirt-sleeve, and laying bare his arm to the elbow. "Look at that, lieutenant."

The lieutenant looks, and sees upon the skin, white as alabaster, a bit of tattooing. It is the figure of a young girl, somewhat scantily robed, with long streaming tresses: hair, contour, countenance, everything done in the deepest indigo.

"Some old sweetheart?" suggests Crozier.

"It is."

"But she can't be a Sandwich Island belle. You've never been there?"

"No, she isn't. She's a little Chilena, whose acquaintance I made last spring, while we lay at Valparaiso. Grummet, the cutter's coxswain, did the tattoo for me, as we came up the Pacific. He had not quite time to finish it, as you see. There was to be a picture of the Chilian flag over her head, and underneath, the girl's name, or initials. I'm now glad they didn't go in."

"But what the deuce has all this to do with the Sandwich Islands?"

"Only, that I intended to have the thing taken out there. Grummet tells me he can't do it, but that the Kanakas can. He says they've got some trick for extracting the stain, without scarring the skin, or only very slightly."

"But why should you care about removing it? I acknowledge tattooing is not nice on the epidermis of a gentleman: and I've met scores, like yourself, sorry for having submitted to it. After all, what does it signify? Nobody need ever see it, unless you wish them to."

"There's where you mistake. Somebody *might* see it, without my wishing—sure to see it if ever I get—"

"What?"

"Spliced."

"Ah! Inez?"

"Yes; Inez. Now you understand why I'd like to spend a day or two among the South Sea Islanders. If I can't get the thing taken out, I'll be in a dilemma. I know Inez would be indulgent in a good many ways; but when she sees that blue image on my arm, she'll look black enough. And what am I to say about it? I told her she was the first sweetheart I ever had; as you know, Ned, a little bit of a fib. Only a white one; for the Chilena was only a mere fancy, gone out of my mind long ago, as, no doubt, I am out of hers. The question is, how's her picture to be got out of my skin? I'd give something to know."

"If that's all your trouble, you need not be at any expense—except what you may tip old Grummet. You say he has not completed the portrait of your Chilena. That's plain enough, looking at the shortness of her skirts. Now let him go on and lengthen them a little. Then finish by putting a Spanish flag over her head, instead of the Chilian, as you intended, and underneath, the initials 'I. A.' With that on your arm, you may safely show it at Cadiz."

"A splendid idea! The very thing! The only difficulty is, that this picture of the Chilian girl isn't anything like as good looking as Inez. Besides it would never pass for her portrait."

"Let me see. I'm not so sure about that. I think with a few more touches it will stand well enough for your Andalusian. Grummet's given her all the wealth of hair you're so constantly bragging about. The only poverty's in that petticoat; but if you can get the skirt stretched a bit, that will remedy it. You want sleeves, too, to make her a lady. Then set a tall tortoise-shell comb upon her crown, with a spread of lace over it, hanging down below the shoulders—the mantilla—and you'll make as good an Andalusian of her as is Inez herself."

"By Jove! you're right; it can be done. The bit added to the skirt will look like a flounced border. The Spanish ladies have such on their dresses. I've seen them. And a fan—they have that, too. She must have one."

"What if your Chilena should chance to set eyes on the improved portrait? Remember we're to call at Valparaiso."

"I never thought of that."

"If you should meet her, you'll do well to keep your shirt-sleeves down, or you may get the picture scratched—your cheeks along with it."

"Bah! there's no danger of that. I don't expect ever to see that girl again—don't intend to. It wouldn't be fair, after giving that engagement ring to Inez. If we do put into Valparaiso, I'll stay aboard all the time the frigate's in port. That will insure against any—"

"Land, ho!"

Their dialogue is interrupted. The look-out, on the masthead, has sighted Mauna-Loa.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CREW THAT MEANS MUTINY.

A ship sailing down the Pacific, on the line of longitude 125° W. Technically speaking, not a *ship*, but a *barque*, as may be told by her mizzen-sails, set fore and aft.

Of all craft encountered on the ocean, there is none so symmetrically beautiful as the barque. Just as the name looks well on the page of poetry and romance, so is the reality itself on the surface of the sea. The sight is simply perfection. And about the vessel in question another graceful peculiarity is observable; her masts are of the special kind called *polacca*—in one piece from step to truck.

Such vessels are common enough in the Mediterranean, and not rare in Spanish-American ports. They may be seen at Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, and Valparaiso, to which last this barque belongs. For she is Chilian built; her tall tapering masts made of trees from the ancient forests of Araucania. Painted upon the stern is the name, El Condor; for she is the craft commanded by Captain Antonio Lantanas. This may seem strange. In the harbor of San Francisco the Condor was a ship. How can she now be a barque? The answer is easy, as has been the transformation; and a word will explain it. For the working of her sails, a barque requires fewer hands than a ship. And finding himself with an incomplete crew, Captain Lantanas resorted to a stratagem, common in such cases, and converted his vessel accordingly. The conversion was effected on the day before leaving San Francisco; so that the Condor, entering the Golden Gate a ship, stood out of it a barque. As this she is now on the ocean, sailing southward along the line of longitude 125° W.

It is the middle watch of the night—the first after leaving San Francisco. Eight bells have sounded, and the chief mate is in charge, the second having turned in, along with the division of crew allotted to him. The sea is tranquil, the breeze light, blowing from the desired quarter, so that there is nothing to call for any unusual vigilance.

Notwithstanding, the chief officer of the Condor paces her decks with a brow clouded as the sky over his head, while the glance of his eye betrays anxiety of no ordinary kind. It cannot be from any apprehension about the weather. He does not regard the sky, nor the sails. On the contrary, he moves about—not with bold, manlike step, as one having command of the vessel, but stealthily, now and then stopping and standing in crouched attitude, within the deeper shadow thrown upon her decks by masts, bulwarks and boats. He seems less to occupy himself about the ropes, spars, and sails, than the behavior of those who work them. Not while they are working them either, but more when they are straying idly along the gangways or clustered in some corner, and conversing. In short, he appears to be playing spy on them. For this he has his reasons, and they are good ones.

Before leaving San Francisco, he discovered the incapacity of the crew so hastily got together. A bad lot, he could see at first sight—rough, ribald, and drunken. In all, there are eleven of them, the second mate included; the last, as already stated, a Spaniard—by name, Padilla. There are three others of this same race—Spaniards or Spanish-Americans—Gil Gomez, Jose Hernandez, and Jacinto Velarde; two Englishmen, Jack Striker and Bill Davis; a Frenchman, by name La Crosse; a Dutchman, and a Dane; the remaining two being men whose nationality is difficult to determine, and scarce known to themselves—such as may be met on almost every ship that sails the sea.

The chief officer of the Condor, accustomed to a man-o'-war, with its rigid discipline, is already disgusted with what is going on aboard the merchantman. For, in less than a single day's sailing, he has discovered that the crew, besides counting short, is otherwise untrustworthy. Several of the men are not sailors at all, but 'long-shore men; one or two of them land-lubbers, who never laid hand upon a ship's rope before clutching those of the Condor. With such, what chance will there be for working the ship in a storm?

But there is a danger he dreads far more than the mismanagement of her ropes and sails—insubordination. Even thus early, it has shown itself among the men, and may at any moment break out into open mutiny.

They had not yet sobered down. Fresh from the streets of San Francisco, so lawless and licentious, it could not be expected. But most of them have been now some days aboard; no drink allowed them save the regular ration, with plenty of everything else. Kind treatment from captain and mate, and still they are scowling and discontented, as if the slightest slur, an angry word, even a look, would make mutiny among them. What can it mean? What do the men want?

A score o' times has Harry Blew thus interrogated himself, without receiving satisfactory answer. It is to obtain this he is now gliding silently about the Condor's decks, and here and there concealing himself in shadow, in the hope he may overhear some speech that will give him a clue to the conspiracy—if conspiracy it be. And in this hope he is not deceived or disappointed, but successful, even beyond his most sanguine expectations—for he at length gets the clue, not only to the insubordination of the crew, but all else that has been puzzling him. And a strange problem it is—its solution positively appalling. He gets it while standing under a piece of sail-cloth, spread from the rail to the top of the round-house—rigged up by the carpenter as a sun-screen, while doing some work during the heat of the day, and thus left. The sky being now starless and pitch-black, with this additional obstruction to light, Harry Blew stands in obscurity impenetrable to the eye of man. One passing so close as almost to touch, could not possibly see him.

Nor is he seen by two men who, like himself, sauntering about, have come to a stop under the spread canvas. Unlike him, however, they are not silent, but engaged in conversation—in low tone, but still loud enough for him to hear them, every word said. And to every one he listens, with interest so engrossing, that his breath is well-nigh suspended.

He understands what is said all the easier, from their talk being carried on in English—his own tongue. For they who converse are Jack Striker and Bill Davis. And long before their dialogue comes to an end, he has not only obtained intelligence of what has hitherto perplexed him, but gets a glimpse of something beyond—that which sets his hair on end, and causes the blood to curdle in his veins.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TWO "SYDNEY DUCKS."

Jack Striker and Bill Davis are two "Sydney Ducks," who have seen service in the chain-gangs of Australia. They have also served as sailors, this being their original calling. But since a certain voyage to the Swan River settlement—in which they were but passengers, sent out at the expense of H. B. Majesty's government—they have had aversion to the sea, and only take to it intermittently, when under the necessity of working passage from port to port for other purposes. Escaping from a colonization forced upon them, and quite uncongenial, they had thus made their way into California; and, after a trip up the Sacramento, and a spell at gold-seeking with but indifferent success, had returned to San Francisco; in the Queen City of the Pacific, finding ways of life they liked better than the hard labor of pick, pen, and cradle. Loafering among its low sailor haunts, they encountered a pleasant surprise, by meeting a man who offered them five thousand dollars each to ship in a merchant vessel, for the "short trip" to Panama! A wage so disproportioned to the service asked for, of course required some explanation; which the princely contractor gave, after having secured their confidence. It proved satisfactory to the Sydney Ducks, who, without further questioning, entered into the contract. The result was their getting conducted aboard the Condor—she being the vessel bound for the port of Panama.

He who had given them this handsome engagement was not the owner of the ship; no more was he her captain or supercargo; but a gentlemen representing himself authorized to accept their services for a somewhat different purpose than the mere working of her sails, and who promised to pay them in a peculiar manner—under certain contingencies, even more than the sum stipulated, notwithstanding its magnificence. The strange conditions were partially made known to them before setting foot on the ship; and though an honest sailor would have scornfully rejected them—even in the face of such tempting reward—Jack Striker and Bill Davis accepted them without scruple or cavil. For they are not honest sailors, but ex-convicts, criminals still unreformed, and capable of any misdeed—piracy, or murder—if only money can be made thereby.

Since coming aboard the Condor and mixing with others of her crew, they have had additional insight into the character of her contract, and the services required of them. They find that several other men have been engaged in a somewhat similar way, and at a like bounteous wage; for a while wondering at it, till, after a mutual comparison of notes, and putting together their respective scraps of intelligence, with surmises added, they arrive at a pretty accurate understanding of how the land lies, and why their employer—who is no other than the second-mate, Padilla—has been so liberal.

Striker, who has seen more of the world, and is the older of the two Sydney Ducks, has been the first to obtain this added information; and it is for the purpose of communicating it to his old chum of the chain-gang, he has asked the latter to step aside with him. And chancing to be cast together in the middle watch, an opportunity offers, which the older convict has all that day been looking out for.

Davis, of more talkative habit, is the first to break silence; which he does on the instant of their coming under the awning.

"Well, old pal! What d'ye think of our present employ? Better than breaking stone for them Swan River roads, with twenty pound of iron chain clinkin' at a fellow's feet. An't it?"

"Better'n that, yes; but not's good as it might be."

"Tut, man, you're always grumblin'. Five thousand dollars for a trip that isn't like to run up to a month; not more than a fortnight or three weeks, I should say! If that don't content you, I'd like to know what would."

"Well, mate; I'll tell 'ee what wud. Thirty thousand for the trip. An' Jack Striker an't like to be saterfied wi' anythin' short o' that sum."

"Why, there wouldn't be enough to go round the lot that's in."

"Yes, thar wud, an' will. Old as I im, I hain't yet quite lost hearin'. My yeers are as sharp as they iver wor, an' jist as reliable. Larst night I heerd a whisper pass atween Prdilla an' another o' them Spanish chaps, that's put me up to somethink."

"What did you hear?"

"That the swag'll tot up to the total o' three hundred thousand dollars."

"The deuce it will. Why, they said it wasn't half that much! Padilla himself told me so."

"No matter what he's told you. I tell ye now, it's all o' the six figures I've sayed. In coorse it's their interest to make it out small as they possibly can, seein' as our share's to be a purcentage. I know better now, an' knowin' it, an't agoin' to stan' none o' their nonsense. Neyther shud you, Bill. We both o' us are 'bout to risk the same as any o' the tothers."

"What would you advise our doing? You know, Jack, I'll stand by you, whatever you go in for."

"Well, I want it to be a fair divide, all round; detarmined it shall be. Why shud the four Spanish fellas get a dollar moren us others? As I've obsarved, two o' thom, Gomez an' Hernandez, have set theer eyes on the weemen folks. It's eesy to see that's part o' theer game. Beside, I heerd them talkin o't. Gomez be arter the light girl, an' Hernandez the dark un. Well, they may do as they like, for all I care. But that are all the more reason why they oughtent be so greedy 'bout the shinin' stuff. As for Mr. Gomez, it's plain he's the head man o' the lot; an' the second-mate, who engaged us, is only like the others, an' 'pears to be controlled by him. 'Twar tween them two I overheard the confab; Gomez tellin' Padilla that the dust lyin' snug in the cabin lockers was full valley for three hundred thousan'. An' as theer's eleven o' us to share, that 'ud be nigh on thirty thousan' apiece, if my 'ritkmetic an't out o' reckinin'. Bill Davis, I say, we oughter stan' up for our rights."

"Certainly we should. But there'll be difficulty in getting them, I fear."

"Not a bit—not a morsel, if we stick out for 'em. The four Spanyards means to go snacks 'mong themselves. But cheer be seven o' us outsiders; an' when tell the others what I've told you, they'll be all on our side—if they an't the silliest o' fools."

"They won't be that, I take it; a difference of twenty thousand dollars or so in their favor, will make them sensible enough. But what's to be the upshot, or, as they call it in the play-bills, what's the programme?"

"Well, mate; so far as I've been put up to't, we're to run on till we get down the coast, somewheer near the Isamus o' Panyma. Theer we'll sight land, an' soon's we do, the ship's to be scuttled, we first securin' the swag, an' takin' it ashore in one o' the boats. We're to land on some part o' the coast that's known to Gomez, he says. Then we're to make for some town, when we've got things straight for puttin' in appearance in a explainable way. Otherways, we might get pulled up, an' all our trouble wud be for nowt. Worse, every man jack on us would have a good chance to swing for 't."

"And the young ladies?"

"They're to go along wi' Gomez an' Hernandez. How they mean to manage it, Jack Striker can't tell ye. They'll be a trouble, no doubt, as always is wi' weemen, an' it'll be a pity we're hampered wi' 'em; moren that, it's reglar dangersome. They may get the hul kit o' us into a scrape. Howsever, we'll hev to take our chances, since theer's no help for it. The two chaps 'pear to be reg'lar struck with 'em. Well, let 'em carry off the gurls an' welcome. As I've sayed, thet oughter make 'em less objectin' to a fair divide o' the dust."

"What's to be done with the others—the old Spaniard and skipper, with the black cook and first-mate?"

"They're to go down wi' the ship. The intenshun is, to knock all o' em on the head soon's we come in sight o' land."

"Soon as you say the word, Jack, I'm at your back. So'll all the others, who're in the same boat with ourselves."

"They oughter, an' belike will; tho' theer's a weak-witted fool or two as may take talkin' into it. I means to go at 'em at once, soon's I've finished my trick at the wheel, the which 'll soon be on. Ay! theer's the bell now; I must

go aft. When I come off, Bill, be you up to the night-heads, an' have that Dutch chap as is in our watch 'long wi' ye; an' also the Dane. They're the likeliest to go in wi' us at once, an' I'll first broach it to them."

"All right, old pal! I'll be there."

The two plotters step out from under the awning; Striker turning aft to take his "trick" at the wheel, the other sauntering off in the direction of the forecastle.

Harry Blew stands aghast—his hair on end, the blood coursing chill through his veins. No wonder, after listening to such a revelation! A plot diabolical—a scheme of atrocity unparalleled—comprising three horrible crimes: robbery, the abduction of women, and the murder of men. Among these, himself! Crouching under the sail, he trembles, as he conjures up the picture of that fearful fate that seems so certainly before him. In the midst of the open ocean, or close to land, the scene will be all the same. The girls seized, the captain, Don Gregorio, the cook, and himself, shot down, or poniarded; after that, the gold dragged out of the lockers; the vessel scuttled and sunk; a boat alone left to carry the pirates ashore, with the spoils and captives! Contemplating such a scene—even only in imagination—it is not strange that the Condor's first officer feels a shivering throughout his frame. He feels it in every fibre. And reflection fails to give relief; since it suggests to him no plan for saving himself. On the contrary, the more he dwells on it, the more he sees the danger—sees it in all its stark, naked reality. Against such odds a conflict would be hopeless. It could only end in death to all who have been singled out, himself perhaps the first.

For a time he stands in silent cogitation, despair almost paralysing his heart. He is unable to think steadily or clearly. Doubtful, unfeasible schemes shape themselves in his mind, or idle thoughts flit across his brain—all the while wild emotions coursing through his soul.

At length, and after prolonged reflection, he makes a resolve. As his face is in shadow, its expression cannot be seen; but, judging by the words that are muttered by his lips, it is one that should be unworthy of a British sailor—in short, that of a *traitor*. For his soliloquy seems to show that he has yielded to craven fear—intends surrendering up the sacred trust reposed in him, and along with it, honor!

The words are:

"There's no chance for that, nor yet for the savin' of my own life—except by castin' my lot in along wi' them. I'll do it—I'll do it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POOR BALLET GIRL.

The superb theatre of San Carlos, at Naples, was built by the architect Fontana, for Charles III., the Spanish Bourbon, who founded the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Fontana received the king on the opening night, and his majesty expressed himself delighted with the royal box and the splendor of the house generally, but he said, since the theatre was so near to the palace, nearly touching it, he was sorry that the architect had not thought of connecting the two buildings by a passage-way, so that he could attend the opera without the trouble of riding too and fro in his carriage. This was the only criticism which he had to make upon the plan, and Fontana admitted its justice.

When the curtain fell that night upon a long opera and ballet, the architect again presented himself at the door of the royal box, and bowing low to the king, said:

"Sire, your majesty will not be obliged to get into your carriage again. You can return to the palace without entering the street."

And so it was, for the architect had collected a legion of workmen, and in the space of four or five hours, had pierced walls, erected a drawbridge, carpeted and draped the way with splendid tapestry, and thus completed a magnificent connection between the palace and the opera-house.

Delighted at this result, the king exclaimed that it was a miracle, but it was only the old story—*Labor omnia vincit*.

The San Carlos, next to the La Scala at Milan, is probably the largest opera-house ever constructed.

Its elegant architectural effect, embracing six tiers of boxes, its vast auditorium, decorated in gilt, and brilliantly illuminated in all parts; the gay and diaphanous costumes of the dark-eyed and beautiful women; the expressive gesticulation and volubility of the audience between the acts, and the superb stage appointments, all serve to form a picture of dazzling beauty, hardly to be surpassed, if it can be equalled, even in Paris, that gayest of European capitals.

We had been witnessing the ever popular opera of "Faust," at the San Carlos, one January evening, delighted by the manner of the rendering, and especially with the fine music of Gounod, as performed by an orchestra of a hundred pieces, with an able chorus of as many more upon the stage. According to the French and Italian custom, the opera was sandwiched, so to speak, by the introduction of the ballet between the acts, and it is to this part of the performance that we are indebted for introducing us to the characters described in this veritable story.

As is universally the case, the *premiers danseuse* was supported by four or five "seconds," as they are called, selected from the *corps de ballet* as being the best dancers next to herself.

Of the four who held this position at the San Carlos that evening, we had noted one, especially, who was the most graceful and the prettiest of the group, and to whose care was entrusted a very difficult and trying part of the performance.

However, she had succeeded in accomplishing it to the great satisfaction of the enthusiastic audience, and was just about to retire amid their plaudits, when she seemed to trip, and in recovering herself, to strain or sprain her ankle, so as to nearly faint upon the stage, and to require to be carried from before the audience in the arms of the prompter, who came at once to her relief.

As we passed out of the theatre at the close of the performance, arm-in-arm with a plethoric and somewhat eccentric friend, we found the way barred for a moment by a sedan chair, into which the good-natured prompter was lifting the young girl who had injured her foot on the stage.

We stopped for the purpose of seeing the men lift the conveyance and start off, when the prompter, observing our apparent interest, turned towards us and said:

"It is too bad. She's a good girl—too poor to lose a single night by being laid up; but it can't be helped."

"Poor girl? Can't afford it, eh? What does the fellow say?" asked my companion, in his quick, jerky fashion.

"He says that the *danseuse* we saw trip and hurt herself is a poor girl, and cannot afford to lose her engagement," I replied to my stout friend.

"Well, well, she must be looked after. Don't you understand?"

"Yes, it's very easy to say she must be looked after; but who's to do it, that's the question?"

"I'll do it. Anything to say against it?" asked my eccentric companion, as though he wished some one would dare to dispute with him upon the subject.

"I'll get her name and address, if you wish it."

"Wish it, wish it, of course I do."

The prompter, being consulted, gave us Amalia Gotte's address, and reiterating what he had already told us, said he was extremely glad that anyone should take an interest in the girl. My companion took the address, put it in his pocket-book, and as we walked to our hotel, declared that he would see about it on the morrow.

"I'll see about it—yes, to-morrow."

The relevance of my friend's ejaculatory queries, with which he so profusely interlarded his remarks, was not always manifest, but then Frank Barnard was a man weighing over two hundred pounds, though not more than five feet seven inches in height, and his heart was as large in proportion as his body. He indulged in charities that would have impoverished most of his friends, but his fortune was ample, and himself an old bachelor of fifty-five, without any near relatives.

"Amalia Gotte, eh! Pretty name that," said our friend, taking out the card given him by the prompter.

"Suits her to a charm," I replied.

"Eh? Well, she is pretty, that's a fact," and the generous old fellow took his candle and went off to bed.

On the following day we together sought the home of the *danseuse*. We found her with her limb bandaged and raised upon a chair, but her fingers busy with a piece of delicate embroidery. An aged woman was engaged about the humble quarters in domestic duty, who we soon learned was her mother. Properly introducing ourselves, and using the good-natured prompter's name, we were soon quite at home, and by degrees elicited from Amalia her interesting story. She had been brought up by her mother in this humble abode, with her cousin Giovanni, but he, alas, was in prison now.

"Prison, prison, eh? What is he in prison for?" asked my friend, all excitement in a moment.

And so it appeared that he had been fined by the court for assaulting a noted libertine, a titled scoundrel, who was insulting Amalia, a few months since, and in default of payment had been sent to prison, from whence to effect his release, the ballet girl was working night and day to earn a few scudi.

"And now, alas!" said the poor girl, "this accident will throw me back, and poor Giovanni will have to remain another month in prison."

"No, he won't. How much is his fine, eh?" asked Frank Barnard, excitedly.

"Forty scudi," said Amalia, with a sigh, "and I had already got nearly thirty towards it."

"Forty, eh? Will they release your cousin if the forty scudi are paid?" asked Frank Barnard.

"Oh, yes. He was only imprisoned because he couldn't pay the fine," she answered, "and it's so much money."

"Young girl—Signorina Amalia—your cousin shall be with you in half an hour. Come," said he to me—"come along to the court house; we'll buy some justice."

It appeared that Giovanni and Amalia had been brought up together from infancy by the old lady we had met, and that the boy was her only sister's child, that sister having died in his babyhood.

The two children had grown up to love each other, and it was already agreed that at the proper time they were to be married. Both had found occupation at the San Carlos theatre, she as a *danseuse*, he in the mechanical department of the stage business. The three, without other living kindred, had together formed a happy, though poor and humble household, until Giovanni had got into the present difficulty by defending his cousin.

My companion counted out the gold, and received the proper papers of release in behalf of Amalia's cousin, and driving to the prison, demanded his discharge.

The order of the court was all potent, and taking the handsome young fellow into our carriage, we drove off to his home, where he was soon embracing mother and daughter, and expressing his gratitude to his deliverer.

Amalia, though very happy, could not but sigh at the misfortune of her accident.

"Hey—misfortune? Not a bit of it. How should we have known about you unless you had sprained your ankle?"

"Ah! that is true," replied the bewitchingly pretty girl, while just the smallest little tear of joy wet her cheek.

"What can I say to thank you?" asked the handsome young Italian.

"Say," continued my friend—"say that you will give any fellow who insults your cousin a sound thrashing."

"You may rely upon me for that, sir," was his manly reply."

"Signora," said my friend to the mother, "keep this purse until the wedding-day, and then buy Amalia some of the proper things for her to wear. And as to you, my pretty child," he said, addressing the young ballet girl, "remember that what you call misfortunes are sometimes blessings in disguise."

CURING A BALKY HORSE.—An old Dutch dominie in the country, Rev. Dr. S., was a shrewd man, and he once had a balky horse, which always stopped at the foot of a certain hill, and took his own time for starting. One pleasant morning, the dominie concluded he would try his way of curing the horse, so he put a day's provision and a day's reading in his carriage, and started for the hill. At the foot, the horse balked as usual. The doctor laid down the reins, settled himself back, and took out his book. After waiting some time, the horse concluded he would go, but, with rein and voice, the doctor forbade it, and so they stayed there all that day, till it was too dark to read, when hungry and thirsty, and subdued, the horse went up the hill, and never balked again.

"THE SOFTBOY PAPERS."

NUMBER II.

MR. EDITOR—*Dear Sir:* I hope and trust that your sense of justice will induce you to print this as an offset to the reckless representations of that ridiculous creature, Flashington Softboy, of the Concentrated Cream Club. Now, confidentially, Flora Fastby, Lola Haunton and I, do *make up*. But, gracious! Flashington needn't talk! Why, that valet of his, that grinning Frenchman, Alphonse, whom he brought from Paris, told Gretchen, my German maid, that he wears corsets in the evening; and, though Flora and I did not believe this at first, we all saw the bones in a strong light one night through the back of his dress coat.

And again, the *cosmetique* on his really red moustache is a thing that "he who runs may read." The cosmetique runs, too, sometimes; in the hot weather, for instance. And does Mr. Softboy think that the powder on his nose is invisible? Such an illusion were madness. It does not require the mind's eye to see it. It is a glaring fact. Why, with one of Chevalier's opera-glasses it seems to stand out in little beads. I never look at Mr. Softboy, for my part, without a feeling of tender regret that, not being a woman, he cannot wear a *tournure* or a frizzled chignon. They would be *so* becoming to his peculiar style. Flora and Gertrude and Lola and I all agree about that. The only thing in which Flashington has shown true greatness is in his sublime invention, the "Periwinkle Perfume." In that we admit him to be in advance of the age. What is Agassiz to a man who has found a scent for the handkerchief that will not vanish in one short hour, leaving the saddened mind to mourn over another lost illusion? We are sensible that in the fashionable world we cannot do without Softboy, who is now meditating a new *pommade* that will not soil the most delicate ribbon. Such men are valuable, "few and far between." Ah, when I congratulated the inventor of the Periwinkle Perfume upon the success of his noble effort, tears came into his manly eyes, and he said, with a pathos which I shall never forget:

"And yet, Miss Lulu, I may perish unmourned, and posterity may never hear my name."

I replied:

"Such is too often the fate of genius."

So you see that when I called him a ridiculous creature, it was but the natural pique resulting from his letter to you, Mr. Editor. Apart from that, I am willing to admit his gigantic intellect, and even forgive his corsets.

Now, with regard to Flora and Lola and I, we consider that there is a certain impropriety in emerging from the privacy of home—for a promenade, for instance—without a delicate layer of powder between our complexions and the public gaze. There would be a coarseness in a contrary course. As regards the—ahem!—rouge, why, when a man of the mental powers of Cynical Sneerby says to me:

"*The rose* by any other name than that of Lulu Dazzleton, could not possibly *look* as sweet," I feel that his feelings have really been stirred to their inmost depths, and that my complexion is a triumph, and, if it were not unbecoming, I should probably be choked with emotion. By-the-by, Mr. Editor, did you ever see *any one* "choked with emotion?" How do they look?

Then, again, like all those who soar above other men, Mr. Softboy is the victim of malice, so I will spare him, and when Languid Stunnington says of him with an unfeeling jeer, that he sleeps in sheets covered with cold cream, and has thimbles upon the tips of his fingers throughout the lonely watches—or naps—of the mournful night, I repudiate the insinuation, which is that he wants to make his fingers taper at the ends, and I say:

"Mr. Stunnington, admitting this to be true, does it not show a delicacy of feeling, a refinement of mind to which you, alas! are a stranger?"

Crushed and silent, Mr. Stunnington left me, and went into supper! If the lobster salad choked him, had he not deserved it?

Now, about Coupon, the banker. Why, of course, mamma means that I shall marry him if I will.

And I ask, in the cloistered solitude of my own boudoir—where I have the loveliest smilax in the world—do I owe it to myself, my family and my friends to take Coupon and his millions, or shall I wait for a foreign nobleman, such as every little while falls in the way of us American girls.

Count or banker? A barony or a bank? An earldom or mere republican mediocrity? With my eyes and profile I am sensible that the world is all before me where to choose. Still, time passes, and I may become *passe*.

Coupon is not brilliant—this, I trust, will not be mentioned as coming from me—and I believe him to be incapable of originating even my lord Dundreary's little remark about "waggling the left ear." But it is not absolutely necessary that a man should talk who has millions. All he has to do as a husband above par is to give *me* his millions. I said so to mamma, who mildly remarked:

"I am afraid that if he did, my dear, he might not remain above par very long. No, my love," added she, "say thousands, not millions."

"Of course," replied I, "I only want an unlimited account at all the leading dry-good stores—so as to have a full scope for choice—and my diamonds, a box at the Academy throughout the season, a coupe, some watering-place, or Europe once a year, and a town-house, with the privilege of unrestrained invitations throughout the winter."

To which mamma replied that no one would presume to address *her* daughter who undertook to offer less. "No man of true integrity of purpose," she also remarked. I consider that mamma properly appreciates the situation, and that life were an empty bubble, a howling wilderness with anything less.

I ought to have added to the above that I expect an aviary. Everybody has an aviary now, with all sorts of queer birds in it. An aviary or death!—but I prefer the aviary.

Gertrude Gushington — who writes verses—and Flora Fastby and I, have made up our minds—as it is rather fashionable just now—to be *intellectual*. We want to be able to converse on every subject. I mention this here, because I wish to profit by this opportunity to ask you a few questions; as, being an editor, you know everything, of course. Now, do you believe in *ape humanity*? Were we originally monkeys? When I look at Mr. Softboy's valet, and at Coupon, I somehow believe that we were; but when I look at mamma, and myself and Flora Fastby, and at the young artist, Vivian Trecherne, who is painting my picture for the next exhibition, somehow I do not. I think there has been talk enough about this thing, and I really wish you would settle it, once for all, for there is a certain unpleasantness about it, for, if we were monkeys, why, in the name of all that is tricky, might we not become monkeys again? Mamma may undergo some subtle and unexpected change to-morrow, and turn into an awful baboon, and papa into a gorilla. They say science is accomplishing wonders in experiment and discovery. Now might it not take it into its wise head to experiment in that direction. I declare, it's awful to think of!

Then there's a French physician, who, I understand, says that it is contrary to natural laws, whatever they are, that sick people should be doctored. He says that if they were suffered to die, the coming race would be healthy. Couldn't you publish, in your paper, that he ought to carry out his own theory and die himself, if he falls ill? I think he's perfectly horrid, and so does Flora.

Then there's that awful German, who says that false hair causes pressure on the brain, and ought to be put a stop to. I think *he* ought to be put a stop to, himself. Or, perhaps, if he wore false hair—I daresay he does wear a wig, or how does he know so much about false hair, anyhow?—why then, he might not write such things and make papa, for one, say:

"Well, some day, all you girls will wake up and find yourselves drivelling idiots. How would you like that?"

Flora says that she would just as lief be a drivelling idiot as not, provided she looked well.

Gertrude Gushington wants to know who wrote Burns, and whether it is a medical book. If it is, she says, why do people mention it in society? Cynical Sneerby says that *her* false hair is beginning to hurt her brain already, but I am sure that you will not agree with him, Mr. Editor, for Gertrude, besides her "Lines to a Sleeping Poodle"—its name was Cupid—wrote a nice little novelette, called the "Nameless One," beginning:

"Her violet-shadowed eyes were fixed upon the lurid burning orbs of Algernon, as she sighed, 'Thine forever, and ever, and ever. Save me from my tyrant aunt.'"

Could anything be sweeter than that? It is a delicate way of letting the world know that the "Nameless One"—*Gertrude herself*—has an aunt that will not let her marry her oval-faced cousin, and has got her money—my friend is an heiress—tied up, so that her niece is a mere moaning, mourning slave. The cousin has not a dollar, or long ere this, Gertrude had fled.

Oh, I forgot. Please say in your paper, that if that German don't mind his own business, you'll make him. Perhaps he'll stop then. At all events, I heard papa say the other evening, to a literary gentleman, that the "power is all in the hands of the editors," and I suppose he meant that *you* can stop that man, if you like. Gracious! how would we look without our back curls, for instance? Why, at the mere thought, I shuddered, and mamma shuddered, and Flora shuddered, and then Gertrude shuddered. We all shuddered.

Then, about the brain, you know, Flora and I heard a gentleman say that you must supply the brain with phosphorus. Now, shall we eat matches? Flora says no; sulphur and molasses in the spring. Cynical Sneerby says not, and that we must eat oysters and salt fish, and beef. Did you ever hear anything as silly as that man is, in your life? Not that he's *really* silly, only sometimes he thinks it a good joke upon us to pretend that he is.

Gertrude is very bashful, Mr. Editor, about her really nice poetry, but don't you think that you could publish some of it, if I send it to you in a letter. It's lovely! It goes this way;

"Methinks when the wind is sighing
In the solemn hours of eve,
'Tis the moan of my lover, dying,
And I tearfully mourn and grieve."

I asked Gertrude why she grieved, as her lover—the oval-faced cousin, is quite well and eats heartily; but she says that none but a poetess can understand these feelings. Sneerby says, "It's her stays!"

But, for fear you should think that there is really something the matter with her cousin, I will give you the next verse:

"But I pause lest my heart should languish,
And pass to the shades away;
And the depth of my dreamful anguish
Is gone with the flush of day."

So you see that Gertrude is able to make a comfortable breakfast. Still, there's no knowing when the sword may wear out the scabbard. I believe that is the proper way for me to express myself just here. I am not one of those who mock at Gertrude's fine, sensitive feelings. She says that she often wishes to be a dove, and fly to the wilds of space or could it have been worlds of space? I guess it was that. But what noble feelings! A dove, how pretty! And worlds of space! There's something so vast about such a thought! When I spoke of it to Sneerby, he said he would bet ten dollars that she could not make a plate of buckwheat cakes, if the whole family were starving. But Gertrude says that, at times, Sneerby's mind is absolutely grovelling. Grovelling! I suppose that is something perfectly dreadful. I *did* write *shovelling*; but that couldn't be it, could it?

I want to ask you, too, about *paper*. Papa says that nobody's "paper" amounts to anything now, but the time was when "any stable man's paper was as good as gold." I think that's what he said. Now, does he mean a *newspaper*? or what does he mean? I shouldn't think paper would be as good as gold, especially a stable-man's. But *you* know, of course. I asked Gertrude Gushington if she thought that I could change some *note-paper* for a parasol, as I had overrun my allowance; but she said that wasn't it, and she laughed. I suppose I'm not expected to know *everything!*

You know that when Professor Blot was here, some of the ladies took it into their heads to study *cuisine;* as he called it, *la haute cuisine*. Now that means high cookery, but it don't mean highly-seasoned food; let me tell you. Blot said it did not. Flora Fastby went, but she did not listen to the Professor, and the other day we tried to cook a chicken; and would you believe it, we buttered it all over—the feathers were already off—and we put it in a pan and we made it brown, but it was not a bit nice. It tasted shockingly. Mamma said she supposed it must have been cooked wrong, and Gretchen told the cook, and she laughed and said she guessed that we young ladies had better stay out of her kitchen, and—— But no, I won't tell you what she said we ought to have done to the chicken.

You know that we have "Flower Follies" here of evenings, everybody wearing flowers; and "Blue Teas," at which you only meet literary people; and "Myrtle Germans," at which you dance; and "Pudding Lunches," at which you eat either cold or frozen pudding—which last, you know, is a kind of ice-cream. Our "Kettledrums" and "High Teas" still prevail, and cynical Sneerby says that I had better let you know the "last new nonsense." Nonsense himself! I'm sure, if we like it, I don't see that it is any of his business to say ugly things. Do you, Mr. Editor?

I must mention, before closing, that Alphonse told Gretchen that the reason why Flashington Softboy's moustache curls at the end is because he puts it in curl-papers and pinches it with curling-irons. Did you ever?

Truly yours,
LULU DAZZLETON,
The belle.

LEARNING TO PLAY AN INSTRUMENT.

Experience goes to show that the boy or girl who learns to play upon some musical instrument has provided himself with that which will be in many ways a source of pleasure and profit in after years. As a means of self entertainment, the ability to play even passably well upon flute, violin or guitar, serves to bridge over many a lonesome or weary hour, to drive away many an insidious temptation to wrong doing, and furnishes a constant element of culture to the youth of either sex. In addition to these there are many indirect advantages—the restraint which music and its associations afford in keeping boys from bad company and questionable places of resort, while the aid which it gives in making our young men and young ladies agreeable in society, with other advantages, unite to make the cultivation of musical talent eminently desirable. Let the parents encourage the musical faculty whenever it is manifested, and instead of looking upon the time and money thus spent as wasted, do everything in their power to develop the musical talent and faculties of their children. It is true that there are few cases in which any remarkable musical talent will be brought to light, but it is less musical talent than general musical cultivation that is desirable, and this cultivation is best secured by making musicians of as many of the people as possible. Besides it must be remembered that all work and no play does not elicit the highest or best possible results, and that no recreation brightens and stimulates the intellectual faculties like music. Encourage the children not only to sing, but to play, and they will in after years appreciate the kindness and forethought which have aided them in forming their musical tastes.

A CURIOUS WILD BEAST STORY.

Here is a wild beast story which is rather a curious contribution to our stock of information; but wild beast stories from India are often bold in their style:

A tigress who lived in captivity at Lahore made her escape one day, and not unnaturally startled the station pretty considerably. At length the gardener in whose domain her cage was situated went to the proper authority and begged to be ordered to take the runaway back.

"Order you to take it back!" was the reply. "I'll give you no such order; it would be ordering you to be killed."

"Not at all, sir," said the man. "Only give me the proper order and I will take the tigress back."

"I'll give you no such order, but you may do as you please," was the rejoinder.

Hereupon the man, taking off his turban, walked up to the creature, which was lying in a shrubbery which it had probably mistaken for a jungle, and, after a courteous salutation, said to her:

"In the name of the British Government, I request you to go back to your cage."

At the same time he put his unfolded turban round her neck, and led her back.

The poor fellow lost his life not long afterward while trying the same experiment on a bear whose political principles were not equally good.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

See Deuteronomy, xii: 23. The blood being the source from which the system is built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure! If it contain vile, festering poisons, all organic functions become enfeebled. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves all to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums, by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that *disease* is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood-poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is warranted by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples, and Eruptions; also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of the Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-joint and Spinal Diseases—all of which belong to Scrofulous disease.

CONFIRMED.—HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.

W. GROVE STATION, Iowa.
DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sir:—My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871, a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors, at an expense of $[illegible], who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.
July 16, 1875, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles, and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength-restorer.
J. M. ROBINSON.

Golden Medical Discovery is sold by Druggists.

IDLENESS is the great fomenter of all corruptions in the human heart.

RECEIPTS.

KEEP your boots well oiled in winter, and they will last longer, while your feet will be both dryer and warmer.

IT is said that a very nice transparent varnish for pictures may be made by taking the white of an egg, ½ ounce of loaf sugar, and beating them up in lime water to a proper consistency for spreading.

REMOVING TAN.—Tan can be removed from the face by dissolving magnesia in soft water; beat it to a thick mass, spread on the face and let it remain a minute or two; then wash off with Castile soapsuds, and rinse with soft water.

YELLOW stains, commonly called iron-mould, are removed from linen by hydrochloric acid or hot solution of oxalic acid. Wash well in warm water afterwards. It should not be forgotten that oxalic acid is poisonous.

TROCHES.—Every one can make his own troches, by following this receipt, given in the *Household:* 1 ounce pulverized cubebs, 1 ounce pulverized licorice, 1 ounce pulverized gum arabic, ½ pound pulverized sugar, ¼ gill water enough to moisten, warm slightly, stirring constantly, roll thin, and cut out with a thimble, and dry.

MANY persons living in old-fashioned houses would like to have their windows lengthened. This can be done in appearance, if curtains are used. Make them with a standing ruffle or puff at the top, and fasten on to a strip of board as long as the window is wide. Nail this to the wall as high as you want it, using a stout nail in each end. The shades can also be attached to the strip, under the curtain.

KEEPING PIANO-KEYS WHITE.—It is said that piano-keys will not turn yellow if exposed in a light room. Never close an instrument with ivory keys. Throw a sheet over when sweeping and dusting. Wet a soft cloth in alcohol and rub off all dirt, then expose as much as possible to the sunshine. If they are very yellow it will take a few weeks to restore the original whiteness. To facilitate the process, re wet with alcohol once or twice, though they will whiten without in time.

WATER-PROOF DRESSING FOR LEATHER.—A dressing for rendering leather water-proof, made as follows, as proposed by Huger, has been found to answer the purpose: Dissolve 1 part of india-rubber in 8 parts of illuminating petroleum, by digestion for a day, and add 20 parts of of paraffine to the pasty mass, and digest again for half a day, with repeated stirring, and then mix it with 5 parts of oil and 5 of tallow, and finally add 10 of petroleum, or enough to give the mass the consistency of butter.

A CHEAP BUT GOOD SOAP.—Take four large bars of yellow soap, 2 pounds of sal soda, 2 ounces of borax, 1 ounce of liquid ammonia. Shave the soap in thin slices; put it into 8 quarts of rain water. When the soap is nearly dissolved, add the borax and sal soda; stir till all is melted. Pour it into a large tub or shallow pan; when nearly cool add the ammonia slowly, mixing it well. Let it stand a day or two, then cut it into bars, and dry in a warm place. This soap is excellent for all household purposes. It costs but three cents a pound, and may be made in less than an hour.

BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM FOR HEADACHE.—The form of headache termed by the French *migraine* is often periodical in its nature, and is always at first hemicranial; then often accompanied by a peculiar sense of heaviness of one of the eyes or even one of the orbits. If at this time before the actual paroxysm has come on large doses of bromide of potassium be administered great relief will in many cases be produced. The bromide dissolved in water should be administered in doses of from 75 to 100 grains for an adult male, 60 for a female, and 45 for a child, to be swallowed by successive mouthfuls within a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes.

THE purest article is the cheapest in the end. Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia) is perfectly pure, snow-white, and preserves clothes washed with it. Be sure and try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

— The "Grand Republic," the greatest steamboat on the Mississippi, has just been launched at St. Louis. She is 340 feet long and has a carrying capacity of 4,200 tons.

— The returns from the various branches of the Methodists in this country show the membership to be 3,173 229. The grand total of Methodists throughout the world is 4,189,-105 members.

— The Fisk University for colored youths, at Nashville, was dedicated on New Year's day. The building cost $120,000, which was nearly all raised by the Jubilee Singers, who were formerly students of the University.

— It is concluded that the burning of the City of Waco originated in the ignition of some material either by friction or by spontaneous combustion, and that the agents of the ship line are liable to penalty for carrying petroleum.

— Michigan has a population, according to the census just taken, of 1,334,081. In the year 1800 it was 551. The male population is more than 60,000 in excess of the female, and the disproportion is said to be increasing. The total shows a most gratifying increase in this rather secluded northwestern State.

— It is not very likely this country will go short on wine soon. In California alone Amador county has 1,680 000 grapevines; El Dorado, 1 410,258; Los Angeles, 4 250,000; Napa, 3 168 500; Sacramento, 2,132 975; San Joaquin, 1,000,000; Santa Clara, 1 213,085; Sonoma, 3 603,-385, and Tuolomne, 1,400,000.

— A new industry has started into being at the Halles Centrales, Paris. Large wagons, loaded with fresh vine leaves, arrive early every morning. A crowd of old women, dressed as peasants, surround them, purchase the leaves, wrap them tastefully about lumps of tallow, adroitly colored, and then go from door to door and sell the stuff as fresh butter.

— The Baltimore dealers in terrapins keep them in nearly air-tight chests, packed layer upon layer, and deprive them of food. They grow fat under this treatment, although the fatness doubtless is the result of disease. They must each measure seven inches across the under shell before they are considered fit for the table, and are then sold at $24 a dozen.

— A curious method of sophisticating oysters is also practiced in England. There is a French variety of the oyster in great repute —the Marennes, dredged in the vicinity of La Rochelle, and the flesh of which is of a deep green, said to be produced from feeding on the infusoria of the estuary where the oysters are stored. An imitation article is alleged to be produced in Falmouth by watering ordinary oysters with solutions of copper.

— The proposed new bridge, the "Royal Albert," across the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, is to be stupendous. The length will be 15,500 feet; one span of 500 or 600 feet at a height of 120 feet above navigation, five at 300 feet each at the same height, four of 240 feet each, and fifty-one at 200 feet each; the estimated cost is four million dollars, and the work may be completed in three years.

— During the last week in December of 1875, 42 boxes of meat were sold at the Smithfield market, London, which were shipped from New York to Liverpool, and thence by rail to London. The market was closed on Christmas, Sunday and Monday (27th being Boxing Day), and the meat was consequently kept three days longer than is ordinarily necessary, yet on Tuesday it was in excellent condition, and sold rapidly at an average of sixpence (12 cents) per pound.

What Every Horseman Wants.—A good, cheap and reliable Liniment. Such an article is Dr. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT. Pint bottles at One Dollar. For Lameness, Cuts, Galls, Colic, Sprains, etc., warranted better than any other. Sold by the druggists. Depot 10 Park Place, New York.

A Lady

Returning to her home in the country after a sojourn of a few weeks in the city, was hardly recognised by her friends; in place of a coarse, rustic, flushed face, she had a soft, clear, smooth and beautiful skin, and instead of thirty, which she was, she really appeared but eighteen. Upon inquiry as to the cause of so great a change, she frankly told them that she had been using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," and it was this invaluable acquisition to the toilet that made the wonderful change. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG. 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Jan. 29, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.*,
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
C. G. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—292 *Broadway*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—819 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—71 *West Dundas St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

There is an old Latin proverb, "*Festina lente*," which means, haston slowly. We do not know of any other two words which express so much, or which contain more food for thought. Some persons manifest a disposition to hurry over important things differently from others; but the application of the fault alluded to will be best and very clearly understood by the following illustration:

Suppose a person requires information upon some subject of which he is comparatively ignorant—the steam engine indicator, for instance—and having procured a book upon it, he runs his eye over page after page, touching first upon this example, then upon that, until he arrives at the end, when he knows nothing whatever of the subject. The first time he undertakes to converse upon it, or to apply its principles practically, he discovers his ignorance, and is perhaps put to considerable inconvenience. All this is wholly the fault of making haste to reach the end, without grasping the fundamental principle, and mastering it and every little detail before going further.

It is absurd to suppose that any matter worthy of our study can be mastered in a mere cursory examination, yet there are very many individuals who relinquish the pursuit of knowledge in despair from this very cause. Finding it impossible to comprehend in fifteen minutes some point it has perhaps taken an author as many days, weeks, probably, to settle, they deem the matter beyond their comprehension, and throw up the study, never to return to it.

There may be, and no doubt are, some gifted spirits to whom the knotty points of a new theory or the intricacies of an unfamiliar science are plain and intelligible at first sight, but the mass acquire knowledge only by patient plodding and unremitting study.

SELF-CONTROL IN SPEECH.

If a man would get through life honorably and peacefully, he must necessarily learn to practice self-denial in small things as well as great. Men have to bear as well as forbear. The temper has to be held in subjection to the judgment, and the little demons of ill-humor, petulance and sarcasm kept resolutely at a distance. If once they gain an entrance into the mind, they are apt to return and to establish for themselves a permanent occupation there. It is necessary to one's personal happiness to exercise control over our words as well as acts, for there are words that strike even harder than blows. The stinging repartee that rises to the lips, and which, if uttered, might cover an adversary with confusion, how difficult it is sometimes to resist saying it!

Charactor exhibits itself in self-control of speech as much as in anything else. The wise and forbearant man will restrain his desire to say a smart or severe thing at the expense of another's feelings, while the fool blurts out what he thinks, and will sacrifice his friend rather than his joke. "The mouth of a wise man," said Solomon, "is in his heart; the heart of a fool is in his mouth."

KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the playground, and in the schoolroom, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little round, rather than come against another; to take an ill word or a cross look, rather than resent or return it—these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant smiling sunshine secured even in the humble home, among poor people, as in families in wealthier homes. Much that we term the miseries of life would be avoided by adopting this rule of conduct.

NATURALNESS is the gift of unconsciousness, of doing things without thinking or knowing how you do them. Under the charm of such a spirit we feel a sense of liberty and expansion, we breathe a purer air. One natural person makes many, and inspires a confidence in human nature. And how straightforward intercourse becomes under these conditions!

"THERE'S MANY A TROUBLE."

BY GEORGIANA CLARK.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings,
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer tearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

BY A. H. WHARTON.

PART IV.

After two centuries had passed away, the State of North Carolina paid its tribute of gratitude to Sir Walter Raleigh, by naming its capital after him.

We have dwelt thus at length upon the history of these pioneer expeditions to the United States, because we believe that efforts such as those of Gilbert, who reached Newfoundland, and met shipwreck on his homeward voyage, with these brave words on his lips, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land;" And of Raleigh, whose thoughts—reaching beyond the narrow scope of the present—beheld, with prophetic vision, the future glory of America, did not fail to leave their impress on the age. Nor were they void of influence upon the permanent settlement of the United States, giving to the world a knowledge of the climate and productions of the country, the habits and character of the natives, the necessities of those who would settle there, and above all, by frequent voyages, keeping alive an interest in this enterprise.

It was not until 1587 that a permanent colony was formed in Virginia; but this being thirteen years in advance of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, it has been justly called "The Old Dominion."

To a party of business men and gentlemen, the London Company gave a grant of land embracing the territory from Cape Fear to Halifax, with the exception of a small spot then possessed by the French, and as far west as they chose to settle. This enterprise, planned and favored by Gosnold; Hakluyt, Smith, Popham, Gorges, Wingfield, and others, had within it the elements of success—knowledge, earnestness of purpose, enthusiasm, influence, and, not the least powerful aid, wealth.

Though under the command of Captain Newport, the leading spirit in this party was Captain John Smith, who, after years of a strange and adventurous life, was tempted by the congeniality of the undertaking to join it. Being driven northward by a storm, the little fleet entered Chesapeake Bay, naming its capes on either side, Charles and Henry, after the young princes of England.

Sailing up the Powhattan river, which they called the James, they landed and laid the foundation of Jamestown.

Many of these emigrants were poor gentlemen and impoverished merchants, unused to toil and hardships, "fitter to head a riot than to found a colony," so that the position of governor, which Captain Smith gained by the force of his natural abilities and power to lead and control men, was no enviable one. Several times he rescued the infant colony from the dangers of famine and savage warfare. During one of his expeditions against the natives, Smith fell into their hands, and was only rescued from death, as we have often read, by the brave and beautiful Pocahontas—at least, they say that she was beautiful, and "distance lending enchantment to the view," we believe it, and also that she, on her visit to England some years later, bore herself like the daughter of a king.

Soon after Smith's escape from the Indians, meeting with a serious accident, he returned to England for medical aid, and never resumed his duties in the colony, which languished when his bold and earnest spirit was withdrawn. The settlers were reduced to such extremities for want of proper supplies, that this dark period was ever after spoken of among them as "the starving time," and utterly discouraged, they had determined to abandon the colony and return home, when Lord Delaware arrived with timely aid.

The sale of tobacco, which had come into fashion suddenly, and was extensively cultivated in Virginia, formed her chief source of revenue. Debts, fines, and taxes were paid in this commodity.

In 1619, ninety young English women arriving in the colony, the sum of their traveling expenses was demanded in tobacco from any young planter who would gain a wife from among their number—the first instance on record, we think, of tobacco as an aid to courtship.

Laws for the colony being made in England were far from mild in tone, especially those against swearing and scolding. An habitual scold—the sex is taken for granted—was to be ducked three times in running water. If there had been such a law in New York, no sad story of Rip Van Winkle, driven to his long sleep by a scolding Gretchen, would have come down to posterity.

A Dutch vessel, in 1620, brought a cargo of twenty negroes from Africa, which were purchased by the planters. Thus was the institution of slavery introduced into Virginia, a step which her sister colonies were not slow to follow.

After a severe conflict with the Indians in 1622, in which, though reduced to one half their number, the colonists were victorious, they felt that they had little to fear from the natives, and not being obliged to live close together for mutual protection, and being interested in the cultivation of tobacco, they established themselves on separate plantations.

Some stately homes were reared in "The Old Dominion," the law of primogeniture and entail prevailed with many other English customs. The Episcopal church was established, the hunting parsons, whom Thackeray so well hits off in his admirable description of Virginia life, came over to look after the spiritual interests of the American flock, and in many respects this colony seemed to better deserve the name of New England than the Puritan settlements so called.

In their manner of living the Virginians were free and hospitable; aristocratic distinctions were strictly regarded among them. In morals they were not rigid, and little ambition for learning displayed itself; but be it said to the honor of Virginia that, at the time of the Revolution, she furnished some of our ablest men in war and council.

Three charters were, at different times, granted to the Virginia colony by King James, but not until 1619 were the colonists allowed any representative form of government. This day, upon which the first colonial assembly met, was a happy one for Virginia, and one whose influence on her future we cannot measure.

Through shifting lights and shadows the colony advanced, until in 1624, the Virginians insisting upon the re-election of the popular and liberal Earl of Southampton, and King James discovering that he could not control such elections, decided, arbitrarily, to annul their charter, and make Virginia a royal province. The Virginians had, however, drank too deeply of the sweets of independence to calmly resign their rights, and the colony rose, in a body, and sent commissioners to England to plead their cause before the King. After many hard fought battles of words, in which Sir Edwin Sandys warmly espoused the cause of the colonists, they were able to withdraw with some important privileges. Thus, with the love of liberty in their hearts, they bowed beneath the yoke of tyranny, until the hour of their emancipation should come.

AGRICULTURE AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Agricultural Hall, the last begun of the four great Exhibition buildings, is fast taking form. It will cover about eight acres of ground. To get an idea of its shape, imagine a huge arch springing from the ground, 826 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 70 feet high, crossed by three similar arches 472 feet long, the spaces between these transverse archways being filled in with structures of less height. The United States will occupy half of the building, and the remainder is allotted to other countries; England taking half an acre, France a quarter of an acre, Germany about the same quantity, and nearly every one of the thirty-six nations participating in the Centennial having something to display in it. The South American Republics, Brazil, the Sandwich Islands, Liberia, and the British Colonies of Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape of Good Hope, whose productions are chiefly agricultural, will make their principal display in this building. The scope embraced by the agricultural exhibit is a good deal wider than the name indicates, as will be seen by the group classification for the department. The first group is "Forest Products," and includes lumber, shingles, masts, sections of tree trunks, dyewoods, rosin, mosses, nuts, and in short almost every useful thing found in forests. "Pomology," the second group, takes in the whole range of fruit and fruit culture. Here will be displays of ripe fruit in their seasons—of berries in the spring, and of apples, pears, etc., in the fall. The third group, "Agricultural Products," embraces the grains, grasses, field and garden vegetables, tobacco, tea, coffee, seeds, etc. A very fine display of cereals may be looked for. There will be millet from Egypt, oats from Scotland, Indian corn from Italy and Algiers; peas from France, and beans from Mexico. American tobacco planters will see samples of the genuine Turkish leaf, grown in Macedonia, and so highly esteemed by smokers all over the world.

The fourth group, that of "Land Animals," includes displays of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, and dogs. Of course these animals will not be quartered in the building, and for want of space they will not come into the Exhibition inclosure in the Park. The old cattle yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Mantua have been leased, and will be used for the purpose. A thousand stalls will be built, a half-mile track for exercising horses laid out (no trotting matches allowed), and watering troughs and buildings for storing feed, etc., will be provided. The yards are only three squares from the principal entrance to the Centennial grounds. The animal shows will be special features of the fair, not continuous, but lasting two or three weeks each.

The fifth group is "Marine Animals and Fish Culture." Here will be the finest display of food fishes ever made at a world's fair. Along one side of the hall for half its length will run a row of glass aquaria containing living fishes. Processes of fish-culture, nets, hooks, lines, and other implements used in the fisheries, and all kinds of dried and prepared fish, will be shown.

In the sixth, "Animal and Vegetable products used as food or as Materials," will be found hides, furs, leather, oil, lard, honey, wax, perfumes, flour, starch, sugar, sirups, beer, wines, liquors, and other things "too tedious to mention," as the country auction bills say. Dairy products come in this group, and there will be a model dairy under the trees in the ravine near at hand, with the shorthorns in their stalls and the butter and cheese making going on every day; and the pretty milkmaid of pastoral poetry will no doubt be there to delude unsophisticated foreigners with the notion that such romantic beings are ordinary accessories of American farm-yards.

The seventh group, entitled "Textile Substances of Vegetable and Animal Origin," includes cotton in the boll and the bale; wool, flax, hemp, silk in the cocoon and in skeins. Here Southern planters will have a chance to examine the staples of Egypt and British India, and wool-growers will compare the fleeces of Australia, South America and the Cape of Good Hope, with native wools.

Group No. 8, "Agricultural Machines and Implements," will occupy about half of the entire floor area of the building. Each country will show a few of its best machines and implements, making as good an appearance as possible for this important branch of its manufactures. American farmers will see no mowers, thrashers, or plows that excel their own, but they will get some hints for farm economy from the English and French apparatus for preparing food for stock.

The ninth group—"Agricultural Engineering"—includes machinery for draining, grading, extracting stumps, making roads, all transportation apparatus, such as wagons, carts, sleds, harness, and also models of farm buildings, stables, wind-mills, granaries, ice-houses, etc. The tenth and last group is called "Tillage and General Management," and is defined more fully as "systems of planting and cultivation, draining, application of manure, of breeding and stock-feeding." It will be an explanation of methods by means of models, photographs, books, and pamphlets.

In rather a catalogue style we have tried to give the reader a general idea of what there will be to see in the Agricultural Department of the Exposition. It will be the most extensive and interesting display of farm products, implements, animals, and systems ever made, and every American farmer who can afford to spend the money to make the journey to Philadelphia next year ought to determine that he will not miss seeing it. The Pennsylvania State Grange is preparing to establish an encampment on the line of the railroad west of the Centennial grounds. Its members can bring their provisions with them and reduce their expenses to a minimum. They will have the novelty and fun of camp life in addition to the enjoyment and intellectual profit afforded by the great exhibition.

—*New York Weekly Tribune.*

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. R. CARLISLE.

"In silence, and at night, the conscience feels that life should soar to nobler ends."
—*Richelieu.*

When night turns down the lamp of day, and the heart of man looks in upon itself, better thoughts and aspirations come. A man is then alone with himself, and he is apt to probe the motives of his transactions. By silence, Bulwer evidently intended brown study or day dreaming.

Few of us but indulge in day dreaming or brown study, that peculiar time, when there is a far-away look in the eye, seeing and yet not noticing, for the eyes are looking out from the bay window of the soul, and the world is shut out. At such times life has a better look; thoughts of a deeper, richer, purer nature come to us at these moments. All the ragged asperities, the snarl and perplexing things which ordinarily get into the woof of our web are gone, and nothing interrupts the pleasant dream we are having.

Nothing cheats a man like his ideas of right doing. He has a standard, made it himself out of his independence; whether from policy or honesty of purpose, is not so plain. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to judge of a man's character as you see him. He is all right on the surface, kind, gentlemanly, has good habits and all that, but you do not know whether he is all this from strict honesty or from policy. Perhaps the religious test is one of the best. When a man is all that we have said, then you ask him why he is not a member of church, and he gives you the key to his real character in the answer. Nine out of ten will say, "Oh, I'm as good as one half the Christians." That is the best proof possible that there is a mal-arrangement of the moral forces and principles. If he was sound he would have made some other plea.

But I started out to speak of men who say, "Well, I pay my debts—I don't cheat anybody. I take care of my family." He does all this, but what don't he do. Well, he don't take any interest in the Sabbath, beyond what money he can make; beyond putting on a clean shirt and lazing about, waiting for Monday. He don't have any sympathy for the poor; don't know anything about the events transpiring around him; don't care who is elected; don't bother himself about church; watches people going, and only wishes they would stop and buy something; don't have any hold upon humanity. People call him a good citizen, and there isn't a bit of truth in it. A good citizen means something more than this. They say its human nature, and that's a lie. God never created a man or woman for such a purposeless life. A man is not a good citizen who does not have more sympathy with his fellows than is inspired by mere accumulation, and paying honest debts. And there is not a man of this class who does not have higher thoughts than this, who does not *know* that this is *not life* as it should be. He may force himself into a groove and live it because his selfishness prompts him, and is stronger than his love of the right, but he looks into his heart now and then to cry *sham!*

PREPARING FOR THE THRONG.—Philadelphia is preparing on a large scale for feeding and lodging sight-seers this year. It is expected she will be able to lodge 125,000 people in her hotels and private houses. In the way of preparations for feeding the 20,000 fresh daily arrivals which she estimates will take place during the Centennial season, one restaurant promises 50,000 meals a day, and others carry up the total to 200,000. A company has invested $200,000 in poultry, packed frozen in a White Mountain storehouse, and to be sent on in detachments, by refrigerators, next summer. Another firm has 150,000 hams stored ready for drawing upon. The farmers and market gardeners in the vicinity, and on the railroad lines running from the city, are preparing to furnish of their products in a large way, and if the season is propitious, and bugs and middlemen do not come in between their labor and their profits, they will reap a good reward.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.—The Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department has prepared a statement showing that the public debt of the United States was at the highest figure in the year 1866, when it amounted to $2,783,425,879. On the first of November, 1875, the debt amounted to $2,118,397,212, showing a decrease in nine years of $665,028,667, or at the average rate of $73,892,074 per year. Yet there are some unhappy people who pretend to believe that the debt is not being extinguished by our government, the only government in the world perhaps which is paying its debt. At the above rate of decrease the debt will be paid in about twenty-eight years from this date, or, with an increase over the present prosperity, say, in twenty-five years, leaving the nation free in the year 1900.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published at Philadelphia, is the oldest and one of the best literary papers of the day. Its stories are written by the best writers of the day, and every page is replete with choice reading matter.—*Ballston Journal, Ballston Spa, N. Y.*, Dec. 25, 1875.

THE FIRST LIBERTY POLE.

BY JOHN W. MOORE.

The planting of the first liberty-pole in this country took place in March, 1770. It was raised in New York, in that portion of the old Park between the west end of the City Hall and Broadway, by the "Sons of Liberty," and the struggle which ensued between that energetic band and the government troops, during which the pole was cut down, again set up, once more felled, and finally hooped and otherwise protected with iron, seems to have excited the attention of the song writers of that period.

Liberty-trees had previously been popular; and during the Stamp-Act excitement there arose a practice of signifying public sentiment by making the trees the inanimate agents; and as early as 1765 the effigy of Andrew Oliver, who was appointed to distribute stamps, was found hanging upon the liberty-tree in Boston, with this inscription: "Fair freedom's glorious cause I've meanly quitted, for the sake of pelf; but the devil has me outwitted, and instead of stamping others I've hanged myself. Whoever takes this down is an enemy to his country."

Trees of this kind were consecrated in Charlestown, in Lexington and Roxbury, Mass., and also in Charleston, S. C., Newport and Providence, R. I.; but as trees, when cut down, could not well be replaced, and as they did not always grow where wanted, the liberty-pole came into use, and was the emblem of the tree. Poles were erected by order of the Sons of Liberty; and in times of great excitement parties were notified to assemble at the liberty-pole for consultation and action. These significant poles later became flag-staffs, or poles on which flags were elevated; and such may be seen in town and country at the present day.

The following song is copied from a broadside of the date March 5, 1770, at which time it appeared in New York; it gives a very minute description of the liberty-pole, and was written by a Tory versifier of that time. The song is introduced in a cantata, which opens with a recitative representing Virtue weeping to see "the Sons of Liberty, a faction, a ghostly band," undertaking to plant their standard in America; the captain of the procession, with the standard of faction, is represented as stalking along, singing—

Let everybody laugh and sing,
And be a very gay soul,
For we have got another post,
As big as any May-pole.

[The liberty-pole had been twice previously cut down, and this cantata was intended as a burlesque upon erecting it for the third time.] After the pole was erected as described in the recitatives, comes the song:

Come, listen, good neighbors of every degree,
Whose hearts, like your purses, are open and free:
Let this pole, as a monument, ever remain
Of the folly and arts of the time-serving train.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Its bottom, so artfully fixed under ground,
Resembles their scheming, so low and profound;
The dark underminings, and base dirty ends,
On which the success of the faction depends.
Derry down, etc.

The vane, mark'd with freedom, may put us in mind,
As it varies and flutters and turns with the wind,
That no faith can be plac'd in the words of our foes,
Who change as the wind of their interest blows.
Derry down, etc.

The iron clasp'd round it, so fine and so neat,
Resembles too closely their fraud and deceit;
If the outside's but guarded, they care not a pin
How rotten and hollow the heart is within.
Derry down, etc.

Then away, ye pretenders to freedom, away,
Who strive to cajole us in hopes to betray;
Leave the pole for the stroke of the lightning to sever,
And huzzah for King George and our country forever!
Derry down, etc.

—*Folio* for Jany., 1876.

DURING the past ten years, a great change has taken place in the tea trade between the United States and China and Japan. Before the establishment of the telegraph and steamship lines, teas that were ordered from China and Japan in the early spring were not received in this country until the first part of the following winter. Now teas that are growing on the bush in Japan in March, are landed in New York early in June, and in July the market is supplied with them. The telegraph is used to inquire about the condition of the market, or to order purchases made, merchants communicating with each other by cipher, in order to avoid the heavy expenses involved in telegraphing so long a distance in the usual way.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This favorite publication, founded in 1821, and the oldest literary paper in America, has passed into new hands, and is brighter and more interesting than ever before. Messrs. Reed, Wickersham & Co., the publishers, have sent us a copy of their premium chromo, "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi," which, as a work of art and a beautiful household ornament, will be found invaluable.—*Sunday Times, Philadelphia*, Dec. 26, 1875.

THE proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest literary paper in America, in the office of which we learned the "art preservative of all arts," so long ago that we do not care to remember, have published a beautiful chromo entitled "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi," as a premium to their subscribers, which is not only really beautiful, but an evidence of the perfection to which the art has been brought.—*Sunday Mercury, Philadelphia*, Dec. 26, 1875.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, among the literary papers of the country, has for many years occupied a leading position. The best writers of Fiction in the country are among its contributors. Continued Stories occupy a large portion of the space, while Tales, Sketches, Poetry, etc., fill in the interstices. Those desiring a literary paper cannot do better than subscribe for the EVENING POST.—*Weekly Advertiser, Springfield, Mo.*, Dec. 22, 1875.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest literary paper in the country, having had new and young blood infused into it, is rapidly increasing in circulation. Its proprietors have just issued a large and beautiful chromo representing "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi."—*Sunday Republic*, Dec. 26, 1875.

ONE of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the truth, for the sake of apparent good.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made by which visitors can ascend to the top of the tower of the Main Exhibition Building and pass around the exterior of the building at a distance of 100 feet from the ground, whence they will command a magnificent view of the river and grounds.

MRS. GILLESPIE, the energetic President of the Women's Centennial Committee, states that she has received letters from England, showing that the women of that country have become deeply interested in securing space in the Women's Building for the exhibition of women's work in Great Britain.

THE Dutch Government will show at the Centennial Exhibition a collective model illustrating the progress made by Holland in hydraulic engineering, and consisting of groups of models of the principal great reclamation and other works undertaken by the State. Among them will be shown the Haarlem drainage, the new canal, the Dordrecht steel bridge, the Kuilenberg railway, a new steam pump, copper models of sluices, relief map of the Zuyder Zee, etc. The objects are now being shown to the public before being packed for America.

BRITISH ART AT THE CENTENNIAL.—The London *Times* of a recent date contains the following: "The Queen will send twenty pictures to the Philadelphia Exhibition. Probably Her Majesty may increase the number of articles for exhibition from her vast Art collections; and it is to be hoped the Queen will gratify the millions, who entertain for Her Majesty so warm a feeling of respect, by becoming the leading exhibitor in point of value as well as in rank. At the Royal Academy the pictures are being selected, and it has been decided at Burlington House that each R. A. can send two, and each A. R. A. can send one.

A SELECT committee of the gentlemen most interested in education in Connecticut has adopted a plan of representation of the educational establishments of that State which has been adopted by the Connecticut Centennial Board of Managers. This, together with a report upon the progress of education in Connecticut, will be the basis of the exhibition of the progress of education in the Nutmeg State. It is proposed that an examination of the pupils of the schools shall take place, and that specimens of their work shall be exhibited. There will also be a full exhibit of all the educational interests and institutions of Connecticut.

SIAM AND THE CENTENNIAL.—The King of Siam has determined that the Siamese exhibit at the Centennial shall be as complete as possible, and has commissioned Mr. Chandler, now residing at Bangkok, to act as the representative of the Government of Siam at the Exhibition, and to make arrangements in Philadelphia for the Siamese exhibit. Mr. Chandler will leave Bangkok for Philadelphia at the close of the present month. The Government has appropriated $20,000 for the purpose of securing a thorough representation of the products and social and political life of the country. It was intended at first that a Prince and several of the nobles of Siam should accompany Mr. Chandler, but this has not been definitely decided as yet.

THE arrangement of the central pavilion in the Main Exhibition Building has in it several elements which ought to commend it to the public. The four towers provide upon different galleries admirable points of sight from which views of the entire interior may be obtained. For instance, from the tower in the French section, it is possible to see the full length of the north avenue, 1880 feet, in one direction; the full length of the transept, 464 feet, in another direction; and the full length of the south avenue, 1880 feet, in still another direction. From information already received from foreign nations, it is not too much to expect that the view from this tower, looking down upon the concentrated exhibits of four great nations, England, Germany, France and the United States, will surpass that previously obtained in any other International Exhibition Building.

THE Main Building is fast approaching completion; a portion has been appropriated to the reception and storage of merchandise until the time arrives to place them in their allotted positions; this space is secured by a strong board partition over twelve feet in height, extending 240 feet in one direction and over 140 feet in another; it will be secured with United States customs locks, and under the control of the Customs. An officer will be in attendance both day and night for the protection of the goods; ample arrangements have been made by the Collector of the Port, Hon. Seth I. Comly, for the reception of goods from abroad, and facilities for their entry and verification will be afforded to prevent delay or confusion. The reception and disposition of the foreign goods will be under the control and management of Joseph W. Bullock, Esq., who has been appointed for that special purpose by the Secretary of the Treasury, upon the recommendation of Collector Comly.

PERSONALITIES.

IT is said that Mr. Tennyson asked Maud to come into the garden fifty times before she came. Just like a woman!

PRINCE HERETIN, heir to the Viceroyship of Egypt, has decided to visit the Centennial Exhibition, and will start for America in June.

AMONG the many remembrances received from various quarters of the State by Thomas Carlyle on his eightieth birthday there was, as we learn from a London paper, a barrel of fine American apples sent to the "Philosopher of Chelsea" by his friend, General Grant Wilson.

TWO American women, residents of Rio de Janeiro, a short time ago succeeded in the perilous task of scaling the Sugar-loaf Mountain, near that city. At one point they had to be lifted by ropes over an abyss 600 feet deep, with the ocean at the bottom. But they found some very rare varieties of ferns on the summit.

OLE BULL is now on an artistic tour on the Continent, having played his *A dur concerto* and a *fantasia* on "Don Juan" to an enraptured audience at Berlin on the third of December. The Swedish violinist must be considered the patriarch of soloists, being the contemporary of Thalberg and Liszt. His first appearance in public dates more than fifty years ago.

THE Lord Mayor of London acknowledges the receipt from Mayor Stokley, of Philadelphia, of a superbly bound volume of the latter's third annual message. The book is bound in Levant morocco, with elaborate ornamental silk linings, and is enclosed in an elegant morocco case, lined with silk. This exchange of international courtesies between the Mayors of European and American cities is pleasant to record.

THE eldest son of the Prince of Wales, a lad of about ten years, showed what stuff he is made of in crossing with his brothers and sisters the Solent not long ago. He noticed that the usual flag indicative of royalty on board was not flying. On inquiring the reason he was told that the dirty smoke would spoil the flag, which was of silk. He replied that, notwithstanding the weather, when he was on board ship that flag must be hoisted, and it was hoisted.

LADY LOUISA STUART, the last descendant of the royal family of Scotland, has just died at Traquair House, near Peebles, in her one hundredth year. She was the daughter of the seventh earl, and upon the death, in 1861, of her brother, Charles, the eighth peer, the ancient title of the line became extinct. The names of Stuart and Maxwell are now merged into one, the estates of Traquair passing, by the death of Lady Louisa, into the hands of the Hon. Henry Constable Maxwell, younger brother of Lord Herries, and a descendant of the Nithsdales.

M. TISSANDIER and M. Godard, who are now, we presume, the leading æronauts of the world, have met with another accident. They made an ascension at Paris in their balloon, "l'Univers," with a number of engineer officers who were studying aerostation under them. At the height of 230 metres the netting burst, and the whole party tumbled into a garden near Vincennes except Tissandier and two of the officers, who climbed up the ropes. Colonel Lassedet received a compound fracture of the thigh, a major, a captain and the assistant balloonist more or less severe injuries, and M. Godard an injury to the knee which causes grave apprehensions.

THE latest and best work of the famous painter Meissonnier has been purchased by Mr. A. T. Stewart for the sum of 300,000 francs—$60,000 in gold. This painting, which is simply called "1807," represents a regiment of French cuirassiers saluting Napoleon I as they go past him in battle. The canvas is about five feet long, and contains many figures. The work was begun about ten years ago, and was exhibited at the Vienna Exposition of 1873, although in an unfinished state. It was completed last September, and has been on exhibition in Paris, where artists and critics pronounced it the masterpiece of one of the greatest artists of modern times. Jean Louis Meissonnier was born at Lyons in 1813, but for many years has lived in the picturesque town of Poissy, where he has a fine chateau and extensive grounds.

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

EATING HIS OWN WORDS.—We all know of this saying, which is generally understood to mean the "taking back" of something said, and an acknowledgement that the party so saying is in the wrong

It does not mean this everywhere, however, and a raven who lived in the north of Europe told me of a way they have of interpreting it up there, that is far from pleasant to the parties most concerned. He says that some years ago, a Russian author had the courage to write a book in favor of the liberties of the people. He must have been a strange fellow for a Russian. But he put out his book, and the government didn't think so highly of it as he could have wished, and so the author soon found himself in prison.

A governmental court sat, heard his case and his defence, and sentenced him to "eat his words." Now, if this had merely meant that he was to stand up and say that he took back what he had said or written, the punishment would not have been very hard; but it meant more than this.

On the day appointed, a high scaffold was erected in a populous part of the city in which the author lay a prisoner, and a large crowd collected to see the sport. Among these lookers-on were, doubtless, many whom the poor author had meant to aid by his book, but that made no difference. If he had succeeded in his reforms, the people would have cheered him as a hero; but as he failed, they came to have a laugh at him. The poor fellow came out and stood upon the scaffold, while the appointed officer took a printed copy of the condemned book and cut away the binding and all the margin, leaving nothing but the printed words of the author.

Each leaf was then taken, rolled up into a small ball, and put into the mouth of the prisoner, who was compelled to swallow it. This was surely "eating his words," with a vengeance. After a good many pages had disappeared in this way, the physician who was present decided that the man had had enough for one full meal, and he was, accordingly, led back to prison. The next day the same scene was enacted, and on the third day, the book was finished. There can be no doubt but that the poor fellow was sincerely sorry that he had published so large a book, and as sincerely glad that it was no larger. If he had put out some great work, like Macaulay's *History of England*, in half-a-dozen volumes, what would the poor fellow have done? If such a punishment was in vogue here, we would not find half so much trash on the shelves of our book-sellers, and perhaps Grip might deem it more profitable to put his head under his wing and keep all his thinking to himself.

By the way, these Russians are terrible fellows anyhow. They don't know much as a rule, and the reason they make good soldiers is because they are too ignorant to know when they are whipped.

Whoever gave the nation a bear as its emblem, knew what he was about, and did well. The Emperor's word is life and death; and you must remember the story of old Peter the Great, when he stood with the King of Prussia, upon a high tower, and wishing to show his brother king an example of Russian obedience, turned to one of his guards and told him to jump to the ground below. The man jumped, and his bones were picked up at the foot of the tower; but the ruler of Prussia thanked God that his subjects were not like those of the Czar. Try to imagine President Grant standing on the Natural Bridge and telling some one of his officers to jump down. Do you think the officer would jump? Well, we are not Russians, and I, for one, am glad of it.

A CROW that is almost as strongly given to gossip as most magpies, says that he was taking a nap in a hay-field last summer, when a noise woke him, and he found that three good-sized girls had sat down almost on top of him, and were chatting away at a terrible rate, not knowing that they had a listener; and what do you suppose they said? Why, all their talk was about the dresses worn at the village church the Sunday previous. To think of it! Talk of a magpie, after that! I was almost tempted to think that the crow had told what was not so, but the same day, while we were talking of the many uses to which horse-hair was put, he, thinking I did not know, told me that the main—he might have said *mane* and tail both—crop of the article came from the wild horses of the Argentine Republic, in South America. I knew the crow was right in that story, and so I had to believe him about the girls.

THE most patient of animals is the frog. Every now and then he falls asleep, and the first thing he knows, he is fastened in somehow, and as the matter about him grows harder, he has only a wee cell to live in; but he never minds, and four or five hundred years afterwards, when his prison is broken into, he jumps out as lively as ever. By the way, if we all could jump, in proportion to our size, as well as the frog can, there would be far less need for foot-bridges across our rivers.

I REMEMBER once, while on a visit to a namesake of mine in England, that the person with whom this young raven was staying, commenced a little Sunday-school on his porch during the summer afternoon, and that on one occasion, while he was teaching the little ones all about one of the commandments, he asked one of the scholars what a scandal was. The little questioned one looked puzzled, and could not tell. So the query was passed along to another, who made prompt reply that "nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told all about it." It wasn't so very grammatical, perhaps, but it struck us ravens as being worthy of our older heads.

THE chief and common companion of pride is ignorance. Our pride feeds itself by dwelling upon the possession of some ornament which we believe to be extraordinarily brilliant. But did we see the precious jewels which adorn many others in like circumstances, we should shun to wear ours, and should meekly set ourselves to increase our store of grace.

JEALOUSY.

BY THOMAS FREEMAN.

A man of wealth and culture rare,
Once had two daughters young and fair.
Beneath their father's happy roof,
They never suffered harsh reproof.
All things that wealth and power supply
Were their's, yet, so like you and I,
That though life seemed both glad and sweet,
Their heart's great wants were incomplete.
One night, while yet the leaves were green,
A company of friends were seen
Within the dear old homestead,
To see Marie, the eldest, wed.
She looked a queen, the groom a king,
For priestly words and golden ring
Ne'er made two hearts more truly one;
And when had passed the jest and pun,
The band its gayest notes did play.
While one and all, the young and gray,
Drank wine and danced till morning's light.
Then bade the happy pair good night.
Maud's face now grew most woeful sad.
Because her sister one thing had,
Which she possessed not—a husband:
And as her father took her hand,
And asked, "Why do you weep, my dear?"
There fell upon his sleeve a tear,
When she brushed her black curls aside,
And to the query thus replied:
"Marie has got—ohl boo! boo boo!
A husband. And—I—want—boo boo!
And I—I—I—want—want one, too."

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEWS OF THE FORGED TELEGRAM.

About one o'clock the next afternoon, while Sir William was reading in his library, a servant announced that a policeman, with a boy and a person from Windsor had arrived, and desired to speak with him.

"A policeman!" he echoed, in great surprise.

"Yes, Sir William, and he's got the lad in custody," replied the servant. "I think it's something about that forged telegraph. Mr. John knew very well what the visitors had come upon, as he had taken care to ask their business."

"Ah! show them in—show them in," cried his master, in great excitement.

And immediately afterwards, a policeman, holding a shabby-looking boy of some fifteen years old by the collar of the coat, and followed by a respectably dressed man, entered the room.

"What is this, Mr. Rowland?" inquired Sir William, who recognized the third person as the clerk of the telegraph office.

"Well, sir, this is the boy that brought in the telegram to our office about a year and a half ago—I mean the forged one—of course you will remember it, sir."

"Who gave you the message to deliver?" asked Sir William, sternly, addressing the boy.

"If you please, sir, it wasn't me," he blubbered. "I never was in Windsor afore to-day, in all my life."

"I will swear to him," said Mr. Rowland, positively. "I took the message myself and knowing all your people, Sir William, and seeing that he was a stranger to me, made me take particular notice of him. I am quite certain he is the same."

"And where did you find him?"

"Well, sir, as I was standing at the office door this morning, two lads passed me. Thinking they looked rather suspicious customers, I kept my eye upon them. They went as far as the top of the Castle Hill, and then turned back. As they passed the second time, this one stood at the office and pointed it out to his companion, and I heard him say, 'And she gave me a bob for doing it.' I recognized the boy in a minute, as the one that brought that telegram there was so much disturbance about."

"Now listen to me, my lad," said Sir William, turning to the boy. "I have no wish to punish you, and if you will confess the whole truth, you shall go free, and I will give you a sovereign to boot."

The blubbering ceased on the instant, and the boy's face cleared.

"Well, sir, it was me that gave the letter to that gentleman," he said, a little sheepishly; "but I knew no more what was in it than——"

"We do not suppose you did; but who gave it to you?"

"A woman."

"What woman?"

"An old woman, sir."

"Just tell me how it happened."

To reduce the boy's confused and roundabout story to a few sentences, it ran thus:

"He had come down from London to the Ascot races, with an 'Aunt Sally' man. As he was standing opposite the Castle, at the top of Peascod street, lounging about with some other young vagabonds, a woman accosted him and asked him to take a letter over to the telegraph office, opposite, and put a shilling in his hand. She fumbled about in her pocket a long time, to see, I s'pose, if she'd something smaller; but she hadn't, so she gave me the bob."

"And what was she like?" asked Sir William,

"Well, she was tall and scraggy-looking, sir, and she had on a black silk gown and a large cloak, and I didn't notice anything else, as she was off like a shot."

"But did you not see her face?"

"No, sir; she wore a thick black veil—leastways, I didn't see much of it, although we were standing under a gas-lamp—but what I did see, looked awfully white, like."

"Do you think you would know her again, if you saw her?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the boy, scratching his head, doubtfully.

"Did you notice anything particular about the voice?"

Sir William awaited the reply to this question with an anxiety that he could not conceal. During the last minute there had dawned upon his mind a strange suspicion—a wild, absurd, untenable suspicion, it is true—but still a suspicion.

"Well, sir, she spoke wonderful quiet, though I could tell every word she said."

"Do you think you would know the voice again if you heard it?"

"I think I should, sir."

Sir William thought for a moment.

"I will not detain you any longer, Mr. Rowland," he said, turning to the telegraph clerk. "By-the-bye, how did you get here?"

"We came in a cab, Sir William, which is waiting."

"Very well; here is something to pay the expense you have been put to;" placing two sovereigns in his hand. "I shall keep the policeman and the boy here a little longer."

"By the way, what were you doing in Windsor to-day?" he asked, turning to the boy, after Mr. Rowland had quitted the room.

"Well, sir, as I told you afore, I travels about with Jim Rudge, the 'Aunt Sally' man, and he's going—"

"That will do. You will have to remain here a little time. You can go to the servants' hall, policeman, and have some refreshments; but first, get one of the servants to find you a place where you can lock this boy up, and see that he has some food. You have nothing to fear, my lad," he added, seeing the boy's face change at these orders. "I shall keep my word towards you, but, nevertheless, you will have to remain here a little longer."

When the room was cleared of the constable and his charge, Sir William ordered the servant to request Mrs. Mastern to come to him.

The man replied that she had gone out.

"How long since?" asked his master.

"Just after them people came in, sir."

"Oh, never mind! It is of no consequence.—This is very strange," muttered Sir William, when he was alone, "and very suspicious. But, good Heaven! what could prompt her to such an act? I cannot think of the shadow of a motive. Is it possible that this woman, in whom I have so implicitly confided all these years, could have done this? Yet what gratitude does she owe to me? All I have done for her is but an atonement, and a poor one, for—Has she been nursing a feeling of revenge through all this time? But what purpose could this false telegram serve?"

While taking luncheon alone—for Andrew had gone out shooting early that morning—a hurried knock came to the door, and, without waiting permission to enter, the policeman rushed in, with a face the very picture of dismay.

"The boy is gone!" he blurted out.

"Gone!" cried Sir William, starting up. "If he has, I will make you responsible for it!"

"It is no fault of mine, Sir William," replied the constable, doggedly. "I locked him up safe enough, and put the key in my pocket, and here it is now. Somebody must have opened the door with another key; he couldn't have got out any other way. Do you know, sir, whether there is another key to that room?"

"What room did you put him in?"

"The servants called it the strong-room."

Mrs. Mastern was the only person who could have a duplicate key of that or any other apartment in the Hall, was Sir William's thought; but he answered:

"He could not get out of that very easily. But I will come with you, and examine the place."

The chamber in which the boy had been confined was one of those still to be found in some old country mansions built at a period when police-stations were unknown and gaols sparse, and when each man was obliged, for his own safety, to very frequently take the law into his own hands. The walls were of stone; the door of oak, clasped with iron; the window, narrow and strongly barred; and the chimney was secured by thick iron stanchions, placed too close together to admit of anybody passing between them.

When Sir William, followed by the policeman, entered the room, he found all the household assembled there, and all talking together, but, as he appeared in the doorway, a dead silence fell immediately upon this Babel of tongues. One of the first persons his eyes fell upon was Mrs. Mastern, who appeared to be questioning one of the domestics.

"Where have you been, Mrs. Mastern? You were out when I sent for you just now," he said, regarding her with a look of keen scrutiny.

"I went round to Goody Drew's cottage with a little wine and arrowroot, Sir William. Her grandson brought word this morning that she was very ill," she replied, meeting his regard with a look so calm and perfectly unconscious that it almost put his suspicions to flight.

Sir William now turned to the servants, and subjected them to a rigid cross-examination; but the answers of all were so simple and straightforward, that no shadow of suspicion of the complicity of any one of them in the boy's escape rested upon his mind. His eye frequently glanced towards Mrs. Mastern, who was standing immediately in front of him, attentively listening to all that passed, with her customary stony composure.

"Can you offer any suggestion upon this subject, Mrs. Mastern?" he asked, at length, sharply turning to her.

"I think we are giving him every opportunity to escape, while we are all talking here," she answered, quietly. "My advice is, that one party should immediately commence a minute search of the house, while another does the same for the grounds."

The wisdom of this advice was so self-evident, that not a word could be said against it.

"One moment," said Sir William, holding up his hand. "Are you aware of the existence of any duplicate key to this room?"

"There is not one upon my bunch below," she answered, emphatically. "You shall see for yourself, Sir William. The key of this room has been always kept in the lock. I have never known the room used before, since I have been at Marney."

"Then you cannot conceive any way by which this boy could have escaped?"

"No more than you yourself can, Sir William."

The search commenced, the master of the house leading it. Every part of the building was minutely searched, but no trace of the prisoner could be discovered. The scouts without were no more successful; and, towards evening, Sir William was fain to give up all further investigation into the hands of the police.

When Andrew returned, he was greatly astonished at the story his uncle had to tell.

"Something beyond the common ties which bind an old and faithful servant to the master exists between that woman and myself," said Sir William, gloomily. "Years ago, by accident, I inflicted an awful trouble upon her. There! Some day you shall know all, but not now."

Very eagerly did Sophie watch the opening of the letter-bag next morning, in the hope that it would contain one from her sister. Her hope was disappointed. That day passed without any news, either of Harriet or of the boy. The next morning, three grave, anxious faces eagerly scanned the letters, and again the expected one was not among them.

Sophie was almost distracted. She would fain have started for London that moment.

"Something has happened," she cried, wringing her hands, "or Harriet would have written to me. Oh, it is cruel, barborous of you both!" she exclaimed, passionately, turning upon her uncle and her lover, "to remain here quietly, without making even an effort to discover the cause of this strange silence!"

"Compose yourself, my dear child," answered Sir William, who was very pale; "Andrew shall start away at once."

As Andrew came down stairs from his room, where he had been dressing for his journey, Sophie was standing at the drawing-room door. He drew her towards him, kissed her, and would have bid her adieu, but she said:

"I will go with you to the gate."

And, holding his hand, she led the way through the door.

"Do not wait for the post. Telegraph the moment you have any news," she said.

"I will, dear," he replied, caressing her.

"And you will not remain away longer than you can help?" she said, looking up into his face with a strangely plaintive expression in her eyes.

"Be sure of that, darling."

"I wish you were not going," she added, presently.

"Why just now you reproached me for not going before!" he answered, smiling.

"Yes, yes; of course, some one must go, but I wish it were not you, or that I could go with you."

Her eyes were full of tears, and her lips quivered as she spoke.

"Why Sophie, dear, what is the matter with you?" he cried, taking her in his arms.

"I cannot tell," she sobbed, her head falling upon his breast. "Within this half hour there has come upon me such a feeling of dread—of depression—I know not what—as though something terrible were about to happen."

"My darling, you are unnerved by not hearing news of Harriet. It is nothing more," he answered, soothingly.

"I hope so," she sobbed.

"I must go now, dear; it is quite time."

But she still clung to him, with the same piteous look upon her face, as though she could not part from him.

"You do love me, Andrew, do you not?" she asked, with a sudden change of tone.

"Do you doubt it?" he asked, with reproachful tenderness. "Good-bye, and Heaven bless you, darling. I will telegraph the moment I have seen Harriet, and will be back at Marney to-night."

He disengaged her reluctant arms from about his neck, kissed her upturned face, and hurried away.

"AND YOU WILL NOT REMAIN AWAY LONGER THAN YOU CAN HELP?" SHE SAID, LOOKING UP INTO HIS FACE WITH A STRANGELY PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION IN HER EYES.

CHAPTER XXV.

OVERHEARD.

The photograph which she discovered in her husband's room aroused in full force all the evil passions of Harriet's nature, jealousy predominating over all. It was not, however, the jealousy of a woman who loved. Whatever affection she might have once felt for James Armstrong had begun to die away even before her marriage, while his conduct towards her since, and, above all, the scene on the night of her arrival in Russell Square, had converted the last lingering remnants to hatred, which was doubly intensified by the discovery of the likeness. Here was the jealousy of humiliated pride, of disappointed hopes. She was scorned for a rival, and her dream of wealth had brought her—what? This gloomy home, dominated by two tyrants. Had she, then, sold her whole future life for this? A wild, reckless despair arose out of this thought—a fierce desire to sting the foot that trampled upon her.

When her husband arose the next morning she pretended to be fast asleep, to avoid speaking to him, and it was not until she felt assured that he had quitted the house, that she left her bed. Her maid—quiet, kind, and attentive—according to instructions received, brought breakfast to her dressing-room, where she remained all the morning, furtively studying, every moment she was unobserved, the fatal photograph.

Soon after noon the luggage she had left at Marney was brought to her.

"Who brought it?" she asked, quickly.

"The groom went to Paddington to fetch it, ma'am," answered the maid.

"Did he bring back a young woman with him?"

"No, ma'am; there was no one with him."

So, then, her maid had been dismissed, without a word to her upon the subject.

In the course of the morning, she wrote a few lines to her sister, to say that she was remaining for the present at Russell Square, and would be glad to hear from her. That was all. Her haughty spirit would not permit her to write one word of complaining comment. She gave it to her maid, desiring her to post it at once.

Now the woman had received strict orders from her master, that same morning, to deliver all letters that her mistress might write into his hands. She accordingly put it in her pocket, to remain there until he returned in the evening.

The whole of that day, Harriet kept her room, listlessly poring over a book, although her thoughts were far away from its pages. When James returned from the city, he came up stairs to her, and as the servant was present, took particular care to speak in the blandest and kindest of tones.

Harriet was cold and sullen, scarcely deigning a reply, except to refuse to go down to dinner. He glanced at the maid, as much as to say, "You can see for yourself that what I have told you is true," and left the room.

She followed him, and gave him the letter she had been commissioned to post. He broke open the envelope as he descended the stairs, and read the contents. "Humph! It might have gone, for the matter of that," he thought. "She has not written one word of complaint. I expected to see a sheet crossed and recrossed with vituperations. She's as stubborn as a mule, and as proud as Lucifer!"

And with this conjugal criticism he went to dinner. There was company that day, for Mr. Armstrong had brought home with him two city men, consequently no remarks upon private affairs could pass between father and son. James sent some chicken from the table, and desired the footman, in an undertone, to put it upon a tray and carry it up stairs to Mrs. Armstrong. As the man issued from the dining-room, a postman's knock came to the street door; placing the tray upon the hall table, he went to the box, and took out the letter which had just been dropped in. It was directed to James Armstrong, Esq.

Now James, for reasons best known to himself, had instructed the servants never to deliver any letters addressed to him in the presence of his father, but always to carry them to his smoking-room, and lay them upon his desk. In pursuance of these instructions, the man placed the letter upon the tray, and carried it up stairs with him.

"Is that letter for me?" asked Harriet, eagerly, as he entered.

"No, ma'am; for Mr. James, he answered.

She heard him pass on to the smoking room. How strange that he should bring a letter up stairs, when James was below! Perhaps it was from that woman! Her heart leaped at the thought. Her maid was gone down to tea; her husband was at dinner; she was safe from interruption. She stole on tip-toe to the room; the gas was half turned on as usual, and there lay the letter upon the desk. The handwriting was crooked and straggling, but it was decidedly that of a man. But that might be only a precaution. She turned it over several times, and minutely scrutinized it. She put her nail to the seal, and felt that it gave way. The flap of the envelope had been imperfectly gummed or hastily sealed, and being made of very thick paper, with a very little care she succeeded in opening it unfractured. With a beating heart, she took out the enclosed note. It contained only these words:

"Meet me to-morrow evening, from seven to eight, at Dalston Junction. All safe."

There was neither name nor address.

With a mind wholly fixed upon one idea, it was not surprising that Harriet should immediately connect this somewhat mysterious note with the original of the photograph. This appointment was with her. Ah! if she also could contrive to be at Dalston Junction from seven to eight to-morrow evening. But how could she disguise herself so as not to be recognized? That must be thought over. By means of some gum, which stood in a bottle upon the table, she reclosed the envelope, laid it in the same position in which she had found it, and went back to her room.

Weary of the day, she retired to bed early, and dismissed her woman for the night. But she had not lain more than half an hour, when she became feverish and restless. The atmosphere of her own chamber seemed stifling. She could scarcely breathe. Rising and putting on a morning-robe and a pair of slippers, she threw open the door and stood upon the threshold, inhaling the cool air of the corridor. Facing her was the smoking-room. All seemed quiet and still in the house—what an excellent opportunity it would be to have a thorough search in the place. She might chance to light upon some fresh discovery—some further clue to this woman.

After the most careful scrutiny, however, she could find nothing to gratify her curiosity. The desk was locked; no papers of any description were lying about. There was a large closet on one side of the fireplace, which contained a lot of bachelor's litter, such as empty cigar-boxes, old boots, old newspapers, etc., but nothing that interested her. She was just about to return to her own chamber, when she heard a soft footfall in the corridor without.

Not for the world would she have anyone discover her prying about that room. To leave it unseen was impossible. She ran into the closet and pulled the door after her—not a moment too soon. The footsteps entered the room and paused; then she heard the sound of a letter being opened. It must be her husband; what a horrible humiliation it would be to be detected in such a position. It was scarcely probable, however, that he would have any occasion to come to her hiding-place, but when he went to bed, he would find that she was not in her room. Discovery seemed inevitable. She heard him draw his lounging-chair towards the fire, and then the odor of a cigar penetrated to her nostrils.

Some minutes elapsed. Then she heard other footsteps, and immediately afterwards, the harsh, croaking accents of Mr. Armstrong.

"Ah! I thought I should find you here," he said. "I want to have a little talk with you. First of all, where is *she?*"

"In bed this hour past," replied James.

She heard the door close, and the sound of a second chair being drawn towards the fire; the odor of tobacco had become stronger, as though a second person had commenced smoking.

"You dropped certain words and hints last night," she heard Mr. Armstrong say, in a low tone, "that I don't exactly understand. When I say that I don't understand them, I mean that I can't exactly see their force—their use."

"There are subjects, at times, that it is better not to know too much about," answered James, significantly.

"I admire your caution, my boy, but as we have an equal interest in all that appertains to *this* subject, I think it is time we should come to a mutual understanding. From what you said last night, and above all, from the peculiar directions you gave to madam's maid, I should imagine that you want to create an impression that a certain person is not exactly in her right mind. What end do you propose to gain by this?"

Had not both been absorbed in the conversation, they must have heard that start within the closet beside them.

"When people are insane, they are usually placed in retirement, and the world very soon forgets their existence," answered James, significantly.

"But she is no more insane than I am!"

"But she *may* become so. Her conduct is very strange, even at present."

"But there is the confounded doctors——"

"Doctors, like other men, greatly differ. Some are stiff-necked and opinionated; others, amenable and diffident. A friend of yours has promised to introduce me to one of the latter kind—a gentleman who keeps a small establishment for the benefit of the brain-sick—the incurables."

There was a silence for several minutes.

"I would sooner have lost ten thousand pounds than you should have ever taken that sullen, haughty madam to church!" burst forth Mr. Armstrong, suddenly.

"I have told you more than once why I did so," replied James, coldly. "I desire a position in society; our wealth alone cannot give it us. Sir William Marney is a man of high social standing, so is Cleveland, also, although he is as poor as a church-mouse. My marriage into this family would give me what I desire, and, as I had intended to work, the chance of winning the Marney estates. It is no fault of mine if all my calculations are overthrown at the last moment. I am now playing for a higher stake, urged on by you, remember—by your cravings for revenge."

"Do not say that——"

"But I do say it. When I discovered the prize that I had let slip through my fingers I was profoundly mortified—as much at my own blindness to certain facts which actually stared me in the face, as at the disappointment—and I could not help showing my disappointment to her. But these feelings would have worn off in time, and, had I been left to myself, I should have made the best of the bargain I had entered into. But from the first day I came back to business, and informed you of the state of the case, until now, you have never ceased reminding me of the advantages I just missed, embittering me against my wife and all her family; I may say, inoculating me with your own craving for revenge. You have succeeded, perhaps, too well."

"But should you, after you have gone

such desperate lengths with the one, find the other impracticable?" said Mr. Armstrong, doubtfully.

"Fear nothing on that score. I shall not put out my hand farther than I can draw it back. Before I take one step to prove a certain person's insanity, I must have the other secure beyond the possibility of retreat. Should that fail, a reconciliation with the other and the family can be easily patched up, and I can return to my old plan. But, in the meantime, it is necessary to prepare the way by preparing people's minds."

"And while you are balancing between the two, young Andrew will marry the girl Sophie."

"I shall know my course of action long before that event can come off. Here is a letter from Deriug, appointing to meet me at the Dalston Railway Station to-morrow evening, to take me to the place where she is. What is to be done in that quarter must be done at once."

"What can you do, under the circumstances?"

"That is a point we will not at present discuss," replied James, drily.

And here the conversation ended; and the two conspirators, having finished their cigars, presently retired for the night.

It was several minutes before Harriet ventured to issue from her place of concealment. The gas was out, and only a few dying embers burned within the grate. The room was quite dark. She groped her way to a chair, and sat down.

She felt faint, bewildered, oppressed by a vague horror. She could not yet realize the full enormity of the infernal plot she had overheard, and of which she was to be the victim. She felt stunned, heavy, drowsy, as though she wanted to sleep. She could not tell how long she remained thus, but after a time she remembered that her husband must long since have discovered that she was not in bed. She rose hastily, and felt her way to the door, which was closed, opened it, passed out, and gained her own chamber. It was empty. As it fortunately happened, James had elected to sleep that night in the room he had occupied in his bachelor days. Although ignorant of the cause, his absence excited no suspicion in Harriet. Her faculties were too benumbed for thought. She crawled into bed, and almost instantly fell into a death-like sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVIEWER.

From James Vick, Rochester, New York:

Vick's Floral Guide, for 1876.

This useful publication is as handsome as usual, and contains many useful hints on the cultivation of flowers. The frontispiece in the first number is a beautiful chromo-lithograph group of "Annuals." The Guide contains a readable account of a trip to California by its publisher, descriptions of flowers and vegetables, "Useful Facts and Pleasant Gossip," and a priced catalogue of seeds, bulbs and plants.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:

The Ashbury Twins. By Sophie May. Illustrated by Miss J. B. Humphrey. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is Sophie May's latest volume in the "Maidenhood Series," and, like her previous works, is bright in style, enlivened by odd sayings and intuitive touches of character, and will meet with a warm reception from her many friends.

George Washington; or, Life in America One Hundred Years Ago. By John S. Abbott. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York.

This is another of the Series of "American Pioneers and Patriots," and is a very pleasantly written book, particularly well adapted to young readers, who will get from it all the leading facts in the life of the "Father of his Country."

In Doors and Out; or, Views from the Chimney Corner. By Oliver Optic. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is a collection of stories written by "Oliver Optic" about a quarter of a century ago, when he first made his mark in the literary world, and are well deserving of being now republished. They are of a practical character, illustrative of the social and domestic duties of life, and all convey wholesome lessons, as well as furnish entertainment in their perusal.

The Reading Club and Handy Speaker. By George M. Baker. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A carefully selected volume of pieces of merit which have not been already compiled in books of a similar character.

From New England News Co., Boston:

The Lady's Book of Knitting and Crochet. Containing over one hundred new and easy patterns of useful and ornamental work. Published by J. Henry Symonds, Boston.

Among the contents are instructions compiled from the best and most recent European sources, and many patterns and formulas prepared expressly for the work by ladies of thorough acquaintance with the subjects on which they treat.

NEW MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston:

The Folio, for January, 1876.

Is as bright and fresh as ever, and filled with matter which promises well for the new year. Among the literary articles is an interesting paper on the "Liberty Folio," and the first of a series of instructive articles on the "Education of Pianists." The editorial and miscellany columns are filled with newsy and chatty information. The musical department contains "Angel Hands shall ever Guide Thee," song and chorus by G. C. Wheeler; "After Winter cometh Summer," by W. C. Wright; "Wilson's Funeral March," by T. P. Ryder; "Prince Imperial Gallop," a duet, by W. H. Gantz; "Clover Leaf Waltz," by Gen. Thorne; and "All the Earth is Glad Again," a new Christmas anthem, by C. A. White. The embellishment is an excellent lithograph portrait of Verdi, the composer.

Shay's Banjo School. Containing the elementary principles of music, and examples and lessons necessary to facilitate the acquirement of a perfect knowledge of the instrument. To which is added a choice collection of popular songs, composed and arranged for this work. By William Shay.

Also copies of the following new pieces of music: "Rondo;" in C, for the piano-forte; by Beethoven. "Roses, Sweet Roses are dying," song and chorus, from the extravaganza "Hanging of the Crane;" by W. R. McQuown; words by Arthur W. French. "By-and-by the Roses wither;" song by J. L. Gilbert, author of "Minnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid of Dundee." "You will meet me by-and-by;" song and chorus; by G. F. Wilson. "God Pity the Poor;" music by Geo. G. Phipps; words by Amy A. Gordon. "Buckskin Sam, The Texan Ranger;" by C. A. White. "Au Revoir," op. 78, No. 6; by H. Tiebner. "Polka," one of twelve "Musical Dreams;" by W. A. Briggs. "Must I leave the town?" words and music by J. O. Bixon; "Where is Another Sweet as My Sweet;" by A. S. Sullivan; two pretty English ballads. "Martha," "Il Trovatore," and "Prince Imperial Galop," three easy standard duetts for the piano-forte; the two former by Adolphe Hessel, and the latter by W. H. Gantz. "The Flag without a Stain;" Centennial Hymn and quartette for mixed voices; by C. A. White; also the same arranged for male voices (in A).

From G. D. Russell & Co., Boston:

"Little Daisy's Evening Prayer;" transcription for the piano forte; by E. Jullian Gray. "Since Little Nelly Died;" words and music by H. Kennedy, the great ventriloquist. "Puss in Boots Polka;" one of a series of "Fairy Stories;" by E. Jullian Gray. "The Royal Purple (Aus Dem Rechtsleben) Waltzes;" by Edward Strauss. "My Ole Home in Alabama 'Fo' de War;" song and chorus, by H. P. Danks.

From W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio:

Whitney's Musical Guest, for January, 1876.

Opens the new year with thirteen pages of choice vocal and instrumental music, including "He's coming home at last," by S. Barron; "Happy Little Ned Waltz," by E. Smith; "Sunny Day Polka," by F. Opel; and "Happy New Year," from Silver Carols. We wish the *Guest* all the success it so richly deserves in the year just entered.

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BROKEN HEART.

Lieutenant Cornwell sat and looked at the woman who had been his wife. For, let what would of misery and despair follow this mad act of hers, she *had* been his wife. He had held it to his heart, that haggard, painted, tawdry figure. He shrunk from her with loathing now, but he had once loved her, and he sat watching her in a sort of helpless fascination.

Was that the face which had once flushed soft and fair under his happy kisses; its pallor was now made conspicuous by the kohenl with which she had darkened her eyebrows and lashes. The heavy bands of that hideous yellow hair lay low upon her forehead. She had taken off her tawdry stage dress and put on a robe of black velvet, which hung in close heavy folds about her trembling figure. She was first to speak.

"Frank!" she cried out, "I—I did not think of your coming home so soon. I did not expect you. If I had—Oh, don't look at me like that! Have you nothing to say? Speak! Oh, don't keep that dreadful silence any longer!"

"What is there to say?" he asked, drearily. "The play is finished—it was only necessary that you should clear away the stage property scattered about in my house."

He glanced at the disordered heaped up chairs and tables in the littered room. She started to her feet—she made a movement to approach him, then, catching sight of herself in the glass, stopped short. That haggard face—that dishevelled hair!

"Heavens!" she whispered. "Do I look like that?" she flung herself down clinging to her husband's knees. She would have caught his hand, but he drew it away from her.

"Frank! Frank! Oh, don't wear that face to me! I have done wrong I know; but, speak to me—upbraid me! Why don't you rave and storm! You may strike me, only don't wear that look any longer!"

"Nay," he answered, quietly. "Men, or at least gentlemen in real life, don't beat their wives. That sort of thing pertains to the stage—I'm not Othello! I'm not a man to watch, and follow, and dodge my wife's footsteps with hireling spies. I'm not the sort of husband to be made jealous but once—and that once finishes the story for all time."

Rosamond hesitated. A hundred wild thoughts flashed through her mind—thoughts of what she had lost; of all that she was losing. How precious it seemed to her now! She had risked it so lightly—she could not let it go without a struggle to save it as it was passing away.

"Frank," she sobbed, "I have deceived you—I own it; but don't judge me too harshly! I've done you no great wrong; such as men think it impossible to overlook, no matter what *their* shortcomings are. My greatest sin is in this deception. I swear it, so, on my knees!"

She would have knelt; he interrupted her; he pointed to the letter on the table. She turned and looked at it, wavered, grew very red and then awfully white.

"And you have opened my letters!" she said, in her desperation, not knowing what else to say. "You are not the man, you tell me, to watch and steal upon your wife, but you break my sealed letters open!"

He did not answer her. After all the lies she had perjured herself with—lies by word of mouth as well as falsehoods of soft kisses, and looks and manner—those last words of hers had better a thousand times been left unsaid.

She stood mutely watching him. She essayed once or twice to speak, but she could find nothing to say. The cold and dignified silence he kept, froze the words on her tongue. How could she defend herself while he did not accuse her. If he would rave and reproach her, then she could answer him. But his stubborn silence held her back, and deprived her of all hope.

"It is true," she began at last; "I sent him the money I earned in this way. He was kind to me once—when I was younger, when I was a child playing to the lowest audiences in the provinces of France. I'll tell you the truth now. My mother was an actress, and my father married her. They died, and St. Albert found me a strolling child. He made uncle Vane send for me and give me a home. The passion for acting comes to me with my very blood, I suppose," she said, sighing; "and I loved the excitement, I loved to earn money—"

"Have I not always given you money?" he asked, breaking in, passionately, on these revelations. "I grudged you nothing. I would have given you all my fortune rather than you should resort to that! I meant always to give you what you desired, for I loved you. You made my home happy, what little time you have been in it—you did! I thought you a good true wife."

He stopped. He thought of the years to come when his home would be desolate, his hearth forsaken—of those nearer days when the truth would be known, when this story would be told and his disgrace, his wife's falsehood, be the gossip of the clubs. He groaned aloud.

His wife stood and watched him, silently, as he sat there, his pale and vigil worn face dropped on his breast. "Oh, if he had not come back!" she thought. "If he had stayed away another week, I should have been safe!"

"Frank," she said, falteringly, "I never gave him your money. Bad as I am, and you think me, I could not have done that!"

A tear stole down his bronzed cheek.

"It's over now," he said, wearily. "If you choose to leave all that behind you," he glanced at the play-books; "if you choose to quit the stage and live quietly, as a good woman should, you shall have money enough in quarter allowances to keep you in comfort."

She knew her doom then. She took up the letter from the table, hesitated, looked at him long and wistfully, then walked to the door.

"You are very good to me, Frank," she said. "You are very generous—more so than I deserve, I daresay. And now let me say this much, if it were to do over again, if I were to feel the same temptation, and at the same time foresee how I was fated to hurt you, I would die sooner than yield. I'll go now and try to rest. I'm tired; you, too, I suppose. You will not be likely to see me again."

He did not answer; he never once looked at her. That hurt her more than anything he had said. He made no movement, gave no gesture of farewell, in this, their hour of severance and eternal farewell.

She had her hand on the knob of the door, wavered, and turned back. He was still sitting in that chair by the fireless, dust-strewn hearth.

"Good-bye, Frank! You won't look at me. No, I see not. I've sinned. I'm a wicked, weak, disgraceful creature, and you are a man—strong and self-sustained. You could never realize the thousand secret impulses, the swift under-current of blood and nerves that send a woman to perdition unless a strong hand keeps her back. But we *have* been happy, Frank, and if we were to change places now, I could not part from *you* so coldly."

He made no response. He never once looked up.

Her lip quivered. "Farewell!" she said, humbly.

The door opened and closed behind her. He was alone with his despair.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FORGING OF THE CHAIN.

One night, soon after his visit to the theatre with Lieutenant Cornwell, Robert, going to his rooms after office hours, found a large, square envelope lying on the table with his papers. He took it up, wondering a little, examined it curiously, as we are apt to examine strange and unexpected letters, and then he opened it.

Three cards dropped ont—glossy, perfumed, snowy-white. He read on the first, Mr. Albert St. Albert; on the next, Rosalind Myrtle Vane, and on the third and last one, St. Philip's Church, twelve o'clock, Thursday morning, October 25th.

It had come, then. He sat holding the cards, not looking at them, not looking at anything, but with fixed eyes, trying to realize it. She was going to be married. She, Rosalind Vane, his Rose, was going to be married to Mr. Albert St. Albert, on Thursday morning, October 25th. He was bidden to the wedding, too: Should he go? Should he listen to the sweet and solemn, binding old English service, and then, when it was finished, should he take her hand and remind her how he and she, not long ago, in that same St. Philip's Church——

God in heaven, where was his mind going?

He caught up his hat and went out into the air. He wandered up and down the streets, unmindful that he was followed by two men, who approached him stealthily—nearer and nearer.

"Rosalind!" he moaned. "I love you, Rosalind! Do you hear?"

Did she hear? And how fared it with her, the ever fair and gentle Rosalind?

When she came back to her home that day, in Robert Temple's care, she gave orders to Mrs. Price to keep her arrival a secret. She did not expect to see anyone, for all her friends and acquaintances were out of town, but an instinctive caution bade her give the woman directions to refuse all visitors. She had come home to rest; she was ill and tired and would see nobody.

In the afternoon, Hortense arrived with her mistress' things. Rose was sitting up, giving some directions, when Judith Price came in and announced that Mr. St. Albert was below, waiting to see her.

Rose turned white. How did he know of her arrival there?

"I thought I told you to keep my presence here a secret from everybody," she said, angrily.

"And I have done so, Miss Rosalind," the old housekeeper replied. "Mr. St. Albert asked for you at once. He seemed to know of your being here. I could not deny it, though I gave the usual answer that you were not at home. He said he must see you. It was quite important."

When Rose went down, St. Albert was standing in the middle of the room, waiting to receive her. She went slowly forward; her limbs trembled under her; she felt that her face was turning from white to red, and then from red to white again. Her heart beat suffocatingly.

St. Albert took her hand in his; he kissed it, and then looked critically into her changing face.

"I am afraid the sea air does not agree with you," he said, kindly. "You have rather a wan, ghost-like appearance. I fear you have not been so well since I left you."

"Oh, no! I—I was not feeling quite so strong down there," she replied, promptly, in great relief that he said nothing of her unexpected return to New York. "I think I am always better in the city, though the doctors are always urging country air."

"Indeed! Then you were wise to come back. I was greatly pleased, though a little surprised as well, when I learned of your being here."

Rosalind's heart leaped; she turned away to hide her crimson face, and began confusedly to turn over some engravings on the table.

"How—how did you know I was here?" she asked, in a fluttering voice, unable to bear the significant silence he kept any longer.

He did not answer her directly. He hesitated, his manner filling her with cruellest alarm.

"Let me ask you one question," he said at length, with grave significance. "Is Hortense with you?"

"Hortense is here, certainly," she answered, the hot, crimson blood rushing in a fierce torrent into her face. "Why do you ask? What do you mean? You frighten me, St. Albert."

He meant to frighten her. He knew as well as she did about that night's occurrences. Robert Temple's hurried visit to Long Branch to see Rose; their return together on the steamer Sylph of the Sound. He knew when Hortense came, and he meant to frighten Rose into subjection—to turn all these events to his own advantage.

He stood there, putting on his glove, Rose watching him with a loudly-beating heart.

"What has happened? What is it? Why do you look so stern?"

"What is it? Something, unfortunately, not fit for you to hear. But, by heaven, he shall answer for it," he burst out, apparently in sudden passion. "I will see him first, and then," his voice fell, his manner changed, he took her hand tenderly in his. "My poor child, how pale you are. Do not be frightened, no harm shall come to you while I am able to defend you."

"What harm should come?" she gasped. "Who is it you are going to see? Not *him*, surely; he is not to blame. St. Albert, you shall not go to *him*."

"Him! Whom do you mean by *him*?" said St. Albert, coldly. "Shall not a man, whoever he may be, be made to answer for the lies he tells? And as for Robert Temple, if you mean him, if he reports that you came to the city last night with him, on a steamer, alone, then the lie——"

"But—but it is not a lie," cried Rose, clasping her hands. "It is true; at least, part of it. I don't know how much you have heard, but this much I do know, Robert Temple never told it. Some one else must have seen us when—when——" her voice broke down.

"Some one else," sneered St. Albert. "And I am to stand by patiently, and listen to the gossip set afloat in the club, because that impertinent boy chooses to force himself upon the attention of my affianced wife, compromising her good name through his boldness. Rose, there must be an end to this. I will bear it no longer."

He took a high hand with her, and the rest was easy. When he left the house, their wedding-day was fixed—not far off, either. Poor Rose! She began to weep. When her father returned, informed by St. Albert of what had occurred, he spoke more harshly than he had ever spoken in his life before.

"You—you of all women, to do such a thing," he reiterated, going up and down the room in a great heat. "Why a child six years old would have known better. Traveling alone—with a young man—a stranger, as you may say. At night, too, how could you do so disreputable a thing?"

"Oh, papa; don't speak of it in that way," pleaded the girl, with tears in her eyes. "What was there disreputable in my sitting out a few hours on the deck of a steamer, with a young man who was either too frightened or too sleepy to say more than six words to me. St. Albert has frightened you with his story, that is all."

* * * * * *

The evening preceding the wedding-day came around. St. Albert dropped in to see his bride-elect, to make some last arrangements.

"I saw Rosenfelt this morning," said Mr. Vane, cheerily. "He complained of not having a card."

"I forgot all about him," returned St. Albert, making a memorandum. "However, it's not too late yet. I'll send Robin, the boy, around with one; or, better still, perhaps see him myself, at the club."

"I suppose Cornwell is out of town, poor fellow," continued Mr. Vane. "Even were he here in the city, he would hardly like to attend. By the way, perhaps I ought to tell you, I sent a card to young Robert Temple yesterday. We have treated the poor lad rather ill of late, and, as things are coming out, I thought it only kind to show him a little attention."

Rosalind started and turned deadly pale. She put her hand to her heart and stared wildly about her; she looked as if she expected a ghost to appear. Perhaps she did—the ghost of some lost happiness; some broken promise; some dead trust.

St. Albert, instead, laughed harshly. "I fear that Mr. Temple will hardly be able to honor us with his presence to-morrow. He was arrested last evening for the murder of old MacIvor's daughter—you remember—old Shain's girl, Maggie, he used to rave about."

There was a sudden horrified silence. A close observer—had there been one present—might have noticed that St. Albert, after he delivered his piece of news, took a handkerchief from his pocket and passed it over his face, wiping the perspiration from his white clammy forehead. His hand trembled very much; his eyes gleamed with a singular fire.

When Mr. Vane at last, after some pitying observation on poor Robert's fate—he did not believe the young man guilty—left the room, and the two unloving lovers were left together, Rose turned to St. Albert.

"Albert," she said, in a harsh, roughened voice, "we, you and I must put a stop to this; we must speak now. Robert Temple is not the murderer of that poor girl! He was not in the city that night; he is innocent; he must be set free!"

"How do you know all this?" asked St. Albert, fiercely. "How do you know he was not in the city that night, and what have I to do with it?"

"What have you to do with it? Oh, Albert, forget the hatred you bear that poor boy now. That night—I remember the date, for I saw it in the papers next day, and I remember an awful dream I had—that night when poor Maggie was murdered, Robert Temple was away. You and I know where he was, and if he will not speak, we must! He is innocent! he is innocent!"

"Then let him prove it!" returned the other, darkly; "let him prove an *alibi* if he can, *which I doubt!* If he was not in the city that night, let him tell where he was, and prove it by competent witnesses if he has any. The matter is simple enough. By-the-by, Rose, looking over our programme of travel to-day, I came to the conclusion that, as the season is so late, we had better cut short our contemplated visit to Switzerland, and so make out a longer stay in Paris. What do you say to wintering there, I mean in Paris, and then coming back in the spring or summer months to the Continent?"

He took out a book of memoranda and began looking down its pages. Rose regarded him with amazement.

"Switzerland! Paris! You can talk of such things when the life of a friend is in jeopardy? I tell you," she went on passionately, unmindful of St. Albert's furious face, "I tell you Robert Temple was not in the city that night of the twenty-fifth of September. But he will never of his own will let it be known where he was—I know that much. St. Albert, those who were with him must speak then, no matter at what cost! A life, a life to save! Albert, oh, you must see, you must speak now!"

"Speak!" Rose started and shrank away from the livid face he turned towards her; his voice was hoarse with passion. "And if I speak, what shall I say? What shall I make known? Shall I tell the world, shall I make public in the gossip column of the morning papers, the story that is current in the town? I heard it spoken of to-day in the clubs," (which was true thus far, that St. Albert had carefully canvassed the matter with the spy he had long ago set to watch Robert's movements,) "the story that on the night of the 25th of September, Robert Temple was seen on one of the steamers of the Sound, travelling in company with Rosalind Vane? The women of the town do that, Rose. You steal their trade!" He did not abate one jot the harshness of his words when he saw how white she was. He went on still in that heat of white rage. "Shall I tell the story, Rose? Shall I lead you forward to tell it? Go, if you wish, and then after you have sworn to that statement, in the face of a police-court crowd, then you may go and ask Robert Temple to make you his wife, if he will. I would finish the work fittingly."

The blood which had flushed up a hot tide into the girl's face, flowed back again upon her heart, now suffocating her with its pressure. Ask Robert to make her his wife after this! Tell the true story of that night's surreptitious journey to a police court judge, before the jeering, leering faces that make up a New York police-court? Oh, she could not! she could not! She had not considered before how hard it would be; she had only thought of Robert's danger, not of the consequences to herself if she persisted in her scheme.

"What shall I do? oh, what shall I do?" she cried.

"I do not see the necessity of your doing anything," replied St. Albert, coldly. "Doubtless he has friends who will advance to his rescue when the time comes!" and with this cruel consolation Rose was obliged to be content.

It would be wrong perhaps to say that St. Albert felt no single twinge of remorse for the part he was playing. If it could be possible for Robert Temple to be taken out of his path, in which he was so great an obstruction, in some gentler way, he would have preferred it. But since matters had taken this turn, why, let them go on. He should not interfere, and Rose, once his wife, he would take care that she did not interfere either. Here were the two great burthens of his life, that guilty, crime-stained life of his, taken off. He turned white, and passed his hand across his lips whenever he thought of Maggie, and her going from him—but no matter at what cost, it was a relief to him to realize it—darkly, horribly gone!

When he had said good-night, that last good-night before the long to-morrow of wedded life began; when the door closed upon him and the influence of his presence gone, despair seized upon the girl. She rushed to her room, and there her bridal wreath and veil confronted her.

"Avaunt!" she cried, stretching out her hand. "I will not wear you! I say I will not! *He* shall be saved at any cost!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DETROIT WAY.

It was the second time he had accompanied the young lady home from one of those little social parties which are gotten up to bring fond hearts a step nearer to each other. When they reached the gate she asked him if he wouldn't come in. He said he would, and he followed her into the house. Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down, and left the room to remove her things. She was hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and, dropping down beside the young man, said:

"I always did say that, if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with Sarah, he should have my consent. Some mothers would sacrifice their daughters' happiness for riches—but I am not of that class."

The young man gave a start of alarm. He didn't know whether he liked Sarah or not, and he hadn't dreamed of such a thing as marriage.

"She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother, "and whatever is for her happiness is for mine."

The young man gave two starts of alarm this time, and he felt his cheeks grow pale.

"I—I haven't——" he stammered, when she said:

"Oh, never mind! I know you haven't much money, but of course you'll live with me. We'll take in boarders, and I'll be bound that we'll get along all right."

It was a bad situation. He hadn't even looked love at Sarah, and he felt that he ought to undeceive the mother.

"I had no idea of—of——" he stammered, when she held up her hands, and said:

"I know you hadn't—but it's all right. With your wages and what the boarders bring in, we shall get along as snug as possible."

"But, madam, but—but——"

"All I ask is that you be good to her," interrupted the mother. "Sarah has a tender heart and a loving nature; and, if you should be cross and ugly, it would break her down within a week."

The young man's eyes stood out like cocoa-nuts in a shop-window, and he rose up, and tried to say something. He said:

"Great heavens, madam, I can't permit——"

"Never mind about the thanks," she interrupted. "I don't believe in long courtships myself, and let me suggest an early day for the marriage. The eleventh of January is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

"But—but—but——" he gasped.

"There, there, I don't expect any speech in reply," she laughed. "You and Sarah settle it to-night, and I'll advertise for twelve boarders right away. I'll try to be a model mother-in-law. I believe I am good-tempered and kind-hearted, though I did once follow a young man two hundred miles and shoot the top of his head off for agreeing to marry Sarah and then jumping the county."

She patted him on the head and sailed out—and now that young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or slide off the wharf.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.—Looking at the armies of Europe from every point of view, the rapidity with which they can be mobilised, fed from reserves, concentrated on any point, maintained in the field, Mr. C. E. H. Vincent, F. R. G. S., late of the 33rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, is of opinion that they may be ranged in the following order of precedence:—First class—1, Germany; 2, Austria; 3, Russia; 4, France. Second class—5, Italy; 6, England. Third class—7, Belgium, 8, Turkey; 9, Sweden and Norway; 10, Holland; 11, Denmark; 12, Spain; 13, Portugal; 14, Switzerland; 15, Greece. Altogether, four armies of the first class, two armies of the second, and nine armies of the third, with a paper strength of 7,500,000, and a combatant strength of 5,000,000, with 15,000 guns and 1,250,000 horses.

FEMININE DUPLICITY.

It was a South Hill girl. No other human divinity could play such a heartless trick on an admiring, nay, an adoring and adorable young man. He always praised the flowers she wore, and talked so learnedly about flowers in general that this incredulous young angel "put up a job" upon him—if one may be so sacrilegious as to write slang in connection with so much beauty and grace. She filled the bay-window with freshly potted weeds, which she had laboriously gathered from the sidewalk and in the hollow under the bridge, and when he came around that evening she led the conversation to flowers and her admirer to the bay-window. "Such lovely plants she had," she told him, and he just clasped his hands and looked around him in silly ecstasy, trying to think of their names.

"This *Patagania influensis*, Mr. Bogardus," she said, pointing to a miserable cheat of a young rag weed, "did you ever see anything more delicate?"

"Oh," he ejaculated, regarding it reverentially, "beautiful, beautiful! What delicately serrated leaves!"

"And," she went on, with a face as calm and angelic as though she was only saying "Now I lay me down to sleep," "it breaks out in the summer in such curious green blossoms, clinging to long slender stems. Only think of that—green blossoms!" And she gazed pensively upon the young man, as though she saw something green that probably never would blossom.

"Wonderful, wonderful indeed!" he said; "one can never tire of botany. It continually opens to us new worlds of wonders with every awakening flower and unfolding leaf."

"And here," she said, indicating with her snowy fingers a villainous sprout of that little burr the boys call "beggar's lice," "this *mendicantis parasitalis!* What——"

"Oh," he exclaimed rapturously, "where did you get it? Why, don't you know how rare it is? I have not seen one in Burlington since Mrs. O'Gheminie went to Chicago. She had such beautiful species of them; quite a charming variety. She used to wear them in her hair so often!"

"No doubt," the angel said, dryly; and the young man feared he had done wrong in praising Mrs. O'Gheminie's plants so highly. But the dear girl went on, and, pointing to a young jimson weed, said:

"This is my pet, this *Jimsonata fliesensis.*"

The young man gasped with the pleasure of a true lover of flowers, as he bent over it in admiration, and inhaled its nauseous odor. Then he rose up and said:

"This plant has some medicinal properties."

"Ah!" she said.

"Yes," he replied, stiffly, "it has. I have smelt that plant in my boyhood's days. Wilted on the kitchen stove, then bruised and applied to the eruption, the leaves are excellent remedial agents for the poison of the ivy." He strode through the smiling company that was gathered in the parlor, and said sternly, "We meet no more;" and seizing her father's hat from the rack, he extinguished himself in it, and went banging along the line of tree-boxes which lined his darkened way.

—*Burlington Hawk Eye.*

AGRICULTURAL.

DO not allow trees to grow over and shade your dwelling. They are unhealthy.

SOME pumpkins in Connecticut, but Georgia is great on watermelons. One county alone, Richmond, last season produced and shipped 250,450 melons. One plantation is credited with 30,000 of this crop.

CAREFUL statistics, gathered in Lenawee county, Michigan, show that 125,000 barrels of apples, 6,000 barrels of cider, 80,000 pounds of dried fruit, and 61,000 pounds of prepared apples have been bought and shipped in that county this fall, for which the farmers must have received $250,000. So says the Adrian *Times*.

ENGLAND washes most of the manure made by her people into the ocean, and then hunts over the globe from Egypt to Peru, for more to waste. The United States does no better. But the natives of Japan and China maintain the fertility of their soil by saving what those who pretend to be civilized throw away. They have no worn out, abandoned fields.

THERE are two thousand and thirty-three Granges in Indiana, a greater number than exists in any other State. Missouri has two thousand and thirty-two and Iowa two thousand and four. Nevada has but thirteen, Connecticut sixteen, and Delaware twenty-two.

GOOD, fresh, clean water, and in abundance, is one of the most important requisites for milch cows, and it should be in convenient places, where stock will not be required to travel long distances to slack their thirst. If springs or running streams can not be had, a good well, with windmill and pump, makes an efficient substitute, and the waste water may, if necessary, be conducted back into the well, so as to keep up a constant supply of good fresh water.

IN California, on the large farms (most farms are extensive there), the fields are plowed with gang plows, some of these having as many as eight plows on the frame. On the lighter soils, eight horses draw a seven gang plow, and one such team is counted on to put in 640 acres of wheat. On the heavier soils the process is somewhat different. An eight horse team moves a four gang plow, getting over about six acres per day. The seed is sown by a machine which scatters it forty feet, sowing from seventy-five to one hundred acres per day. The ground is then harrowed and cross-harrowed.

THE French have a remarkable talent for utilizing everything. Chicken feathers have always been thrown away as useless. They don't do that in France now. The plume portion of the feathers is cut from the stem with ordinary scissors. The stem, of course, is thrown away, while the plumes are placed in a common bag, which, when full, is closed and subjected to a thorough kneading with the hands. At the end of five minutes, it is stated, the feathers become disaggregated and felted together, forming a down, perfectly homogeneous, and of great lightness. It is even lighter than natural eider down, and sells in Paris for about two dollars per pound.

THE French mode of stacking wheat in the field is thus described by a correspondent: "The farmers of England place the cut wheat in shocks, to be blown down by wind or wetted with rain. The farmers of France put it in *stoittes*—i. e., they double up a sheaf, round which they range ten or more sheafs, then they tie a large straw band around the bottom of a large sheaf, which they turn upside down over the rest so that it falls all around as a thatch. These stoittes stand firm against the wind and rain, and the ears of the covering sheaf shoot off the rain. The wheat thus packed will stand firm for weeks (the stubble help as holdfasts), and the millers declare it is all the better for it. The fields have a beautiful appearance, as if covered with little bell-tents of corn."

HOW LONG TO MILK A COW.—There seems to be a prevalent idea that it is not profitable to milk a cow more than eight or nine months, and most dairymen dry off their cows early and let them go dry three to four months. Is this the best practice? We think not. A cow is kept for milk. She should be bred for holding out her milk as long as she can, with due regard for health. It has been proved in the case of thousands of cows that have lived to good old age, that they can be bred to give milk ten months in the year, bear a good, healthy and strong calf and be ready for as good a milking season the next year. We should seek such cows and discard those that persist in drying early, even if they do give a good mess for a short season.

FACETIÆ.

"CAPITAL weather, Mr. Jones, capital weather! My wife's got such a cold she can't speak. I like such weather."

THE time when a man fully realizes that woman's sphere should be enlarged, is when he finds that his wash woman has mistaken his stockings for his shirt bosom and starched them accordingly.

ONE of the young men employed in a Danbury hat factory, discovered a brass collar-button in a piece of mince pie he was masticating, the other day. He is looking for a new boarding place. He says what he wants are the comforts of a home, and not the excitement and confusion of a dollar store.

A STRANGE minister officiated in a suburban pulpit last Sunday, and among the notices to be read was one asking the ladies to send in refreshments for the *café* of a fair which was to be held during the week. The clergyman innocently read it "refreshments for the calf," and the audience tittered.

THE other day, when the brass bands were out, and just as the man who blows the big four-horse horn was raising it up to commence blowing, a woman nudged his elbow. He looked around in great surprise, and she said:

"Beg parding; but han't it awful hard work to blow tarough all o' them turns and crooks?"

He was too mad to reply.

DIDN'T KNOW.—The other day a Detroiter walked up to the crowd of boot-blacks always hanging around the postoffice, and, pointing to the largest boy, he asked:

"Hub, can you tell me the meaning of the word abequatula'e?"

"No, sir," promptly replied the boy. "I blacks boots, and brings up coal, and I don't know anything about drug store words."

A YOUNG man in this city, who is particular about his washing, wrote a note to his washerwoman and one to his girl, and, by a strange fatality, put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washerwoman was well pleased at an invitation to take a ride the next day, but when the young lady read: "If you muss up my shirt bosoms and rub the buttons off the collar any more, as you did the last time, I will go somewhere else," and she cried all the evening, and declares she will never speak to him again.

SOME crusty bachelor doubtless wrote these lines, but there may be as much truth as poetry in them:

"Only a lock of golden hair,"
The lover wrote. "Per'aance to-night
It formeth on her pillow fair
A halo bright."

"Only a lock of go'den hair,"
The maiden, smiling, sweetly said,
As she laid it over the back of a chair
And went to bed.

"ZACHARIAH," said Mrs. Chandler, "what smell is that?"

"Cloves."

"But that other smell?"

"Allspice."

"But isn't there another?"

"Yes; apples."

"And just one more?"

"Older, my dear."

"Well, Zachariah," said she, "if you'd only drink a little brandy now you'd make a good mince pie."

TWO REASONS WHY.—While some boys were skating on one of the slips up the river, a gentleman noticed one on the bank who looked longingly, but who had no means of enjoying the sport.

"Well, bub, haven't you any skates?" asked the man.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"'Cause mother says I ain't prepared to die, and father says he needs the money to buy him some undershirts!" was the lonesome reply.

BASHFUL THOMAS.—The other day a Maroy street boy entered the house with a sob in his throat and a bloody nose, and when his mother demanded to know the cause he explained:

"Us boys was playing the Revolutionary war out there."

"Yes."

"And we got up the battle of Bennington."

"Yes."

"And we went in."

"You whipped the British, of course," said the mother.

"Yes—yes," sobbed the boy, "but, hang 'em! they wouldn't stay licked!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THAT'S SO.—We have felt bad ever since perusing the annexed lines relating to a certain popular culinary operation, and shall continue to grow worse until dinner-time has arrived to alleviate our pangs:

There's beauty in the frying-pan,
When the fat is jumping high,
There's beauty in a dozen eggs
Dropped softly in to fry;
There's beauty in a slice of ham,
Westphalia, young and sweet!
And when together they are fried,
They're beautiful to eat.

AN ASTONISHED WOMAN.—A motherly old lady entered a Jefferson avenue jewelry store yesterday to select a present for her daughter, and after a long time she decided on purchasing a ring.

"This is real gold?" she asked.

"Oh! I warrant it."

"No brass about it?"

"That ring, madam, is made of eighteen karat."

She gave him a look of astonishment and exclaimed:

"Well, what won't they git up next! Made of eighteen carrots, was it?"

HOW MUDDY IT IS!—A Virginia (Nev.) husband went to the depot the other day to receive his wife, whom he had not seen for two years. When the train came in he sprang forward to assist her from the car, and had managed to say: "My dear, I—" when she "put in" to the following:

"How is Mrs. Smith? Have you seen Tom? What a dreadful journey I've had! Why don't you take your pants out of your boots? You must positively have that hair of yours cut right away. You're smoking again, I see. Have you got nice rooms? I hope you haven't been drinking, dearest. Oh, dear me, how muddy it is!"

ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS.—"There, my dear wife—there is the set of jewelry which you have so long waited for," said he, as he laid a package before his wife the other evening. "Oh, you dear, old darling! How much did it cost?" she inquired, as she tore off the paper.

"Only fifty dollars," he replied, carelessly.

"And what's this mark, '$5 50,' on the card for?" she asked, as she held it up and looked at him with suspicion in her eyes.

"That—that mark—why that means that they only paid $5 50 to have the jewelry made," he replied. "Just think, darling, of grinding a poor hard-working artisan down to $5,50."

HOW TO BRING CUSTOM TO AN HOTEL.—The following useful hint to tourists who were on their way to the Harts Mountains was given by a correspondent who had just arrived home from that pleasant region: "I was," he writes, "sitting in the verandah of a hotel close to the waterfall, when a young Englishman, mounted on a donkey, rode gaily across the bridge. He was going straight on up the road, when the donkey suddenly turned sharp round and made for the hotel. A desperate struggle ensued; the donkey was determined, and so was his rider. The man belabour d his rebellious steed till it kicked, reared, and finally threw him. Meantime the head waiter stood by my side watching the conflict with a malicious grin. When he saw the discomfited rider get up dust his knees and proceed to the hotel, in the wake of the donkey, he turned to me and whispered, with a confidential smile, 'The gentleman might have spared himself a fall. No one comes by the hotel without alighting and calling for something. We are in the habit of feeding that donkey.'"

A FRENCH LOVE STORY.

The hurry of a young man to say "I will marry"—above all when he does not see what his interlocutor carries in hand—is sometimes exceedingly inconvenient. The other day a worthy citizen encountered, as he came out of a fancy store, a young man whom he had met at the bathing place a month before.

"Hold," he said to himself, "that is the young fellow whom we used always to meet on the shore when I took a walk with Victorine."

He ran toward the young man and said:

"Don't you recollect me?"

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, turning deadly pale, and seizing the old man's hand so that he could inflict no injury, he added: "I am ready to marry her, sir!"

"To marry her?" exclaimed the citizen, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir, I have done very wrong. I know it. But all can be repaired. What do you wish? I love her—love her like a fool!"

"Love!—who?"

"Victorine."

"Victorine! Malheureux! Why that is my wife."

A PEACEFUL PIPE.

Much thought, supplemented by no little experience, has led me to prefer the pipe before all other methods of tobacco using. There exists objections—but neither are St. Peter's dome and the Medicean Venus wholly satisfactory, though on the whole the best of the kind. There are times and places tolerant only of the cigarette, tenderly white and sweetly fragant; a grimy pipe is no fit sight for the dark-eyed daughters of warm Castile. And have we dined with delicate sumptuousness; has each successive viand, from pearly oyster to perfumed Stilton, at once cunningly relieved the palate from what went before, and subtly stimulated it for what was to come; in short, has the repast been an epicurean song of finest harmony—hardly may we play the epilogue upon a pipe. More fitting there will be the refined Habana, dark and tapering, yielding a firm white column of moulded ash, which may be broken from its fiery case, but crumbles not. Let the elder dowager, with high-arched nose, and the silk-stockinged Frenchman of the old regime, enshrine themselves in their gold snuff-boxes. And be not even that other preparation of the weed too much condemned. A horseman once, on a twenty-four-hour gallop, condensed all nourishment into a mouthful or two of "chewing tobacco," and it brought him successfully through.

But, after all is said, we turn to the pipe once more. It is better than chewing and snuffing, because we taste the fire-emancipated soul instead of the unrefined material part; better than the cigar, because the cigar is a mere stranger—a passing acquaintance; though much of the fine gentleman be in him, he is dry and formal. Beginning the conversation with airy words of captivating savor, his language gradually grows stronger, till at the end he sinks into rank and bitter repinings; now is he gone forever and forgotten. No romantic associations can cling to him; his history is comprised in a single event. Picturesque he is not; an attache of the fashionable world, it is beneath his dignity to consort with such people as Teniers drew; nor will he enroll himself among the familiar spirits of poets and philosophers. Shakespeare with a Partaga between his teeth! Milton wrestling with an Intimidad! Cante puffing a cheroot! We cannot entertain such images. But a quaintly carved pipe bowl, embrowned and lustrous—would it not add to the grave dignity of each of them?—*The Galaxy for November.*

A NORWEGIAN WHALERY.

On a small island opposite to the town of Wadso, in the extreme north of Norway, there exists an establishment the like of which is probably not to be met with in any part of the world. Its most appropriate designation would be, perhaps, a slaughter-yard for whales; and Mr. Foyn, its proprietor, conducts the business of capturing and cutting up the monsters in a manner peculiarly his own. Instead of fitting out the usual sized vessels intended to make long voyages and bring home only the most useful parts of the animal, Mr. Foyn employs small—one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty tons—screw steamers, shoots his fish with a cannon, and has them towed back, one by one, as they are captured, to the shambles at Wadso.

As the fishing grounds are within easy reach of the latter, the steamers, as a rule, secure and return with a prize within twelve hours' time. With respect to the cannon employed, it is a gun having a chamber about four feet long, this is mounted on the forecastle of the vessel, and being very accurately balanced, can be easily moved to allow an exact aim to be taken. The projectile in use consists of a long iron bolt, having at its extreme end four harpoons, bound round with a line so as to be flat, and close to the harpoons a five to six-pounder shell.

As soon as the steamer has approached sufficiently near to the fish—and whales, off that part of the coast are not over shy, allowing a vessel to come within shot—the bolt is fired off, and if well directed, penetrates deeply into the flesh and blubber of the animal. The whale then rushes off at a furious pace, thinking thus to elude his pursuers. Unfortunately for him, however, no step could be more suicidal, for the effect of his rapid movement is to make the bolt slip back a little, thus setting free the four harpoons from the lines, and by means of a mechanical arrangement, causing a shell to explode. This generally proves the *coup de grace*, killing the fish outright. But occasionally, the animal is not sufficiently hard hit, and its capture is not so easily effected, as it dashes away at a tremendous speed, dragging the steamer after it.

NAPOLEON AND VIVIER.

Vivier, the famous cornet player and humorist, was a great favorite with Napoleon III. The emperor once asked him down to Campiegne when the great guests of the season had taken their departure, and treated Vivier with more than usual condescension. When he arrived, the emperor happened to be going out, and he met the artist with one of his usual sweet, tranquil smiles of recognition, and, calling to the subchamberlain, said:

"Take good care of Vivier, and make him feel himself at home here." But Vivier shrugged his shoulders, and made a sort of gesture of affright at the gracious words. "What do you mean, Vivier?" said the emperor. "Sire," replied the artist, "I hope your majesty will excuse me, but I am so uncomfortable at home. I was expecting something infinitely better in one of your majesty's palaces." "Very good, very good," exclaimed the emperor, laughing, "*don't* make Vivier, then, feel as if he were at home; make him know he is at Compiegne."

INDUSTRY.—If industry is no more than a habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask us which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine we shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; we shall say indolence! Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

The Rule of "No Cure No Pay."—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Ruptures, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, New York. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

Strengthening the Hold on Life.

Life is dear to most, if not all of us, and those whose tenure of it is rendered uncertain by feeble health, would gladly strengthen their hold upon existence. The best advice that can be given to the debilitated is to invigorate with that sovereign vitalizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which fertilizes the blood by ensuring complete nutrition, and is an excellent remedy for those maladies which are the main causes of physical weakness. Indigestion, inactivity of the liver, urinary troubles, rheumatic complaints, and many other ailments and disabilities are speedily conquered by this safe, prompt and agreeable corrective tonic, which is, besides, a reliable preventive of chills and fever, and other malarial disorders, counteracts the effects of fatigue and exposure, and is a beneficial solace to the aged and infirm.

POND'S EXTRACT.—AMONG THE MANY EXCELLENT FAMILY MEDICINES which have from time to time appeared before the public, there is not one so generally useful, so simple, and so truly curative as *Pond's Extract*. A glance over the long catalogue of ills and diseases which it is reputed to cure, will convince us, if any faith can be placed in human testimony, that this is one of the rarest and most useful medicines, if not the most truly valuable remedy ever made its own. For nearly thirty years it has been in extensive use among the people and profession, and though its claims have been a thousand times subjected to searching scrutiny, yet in every instance these claims have been triumphantly vindicated. The people, to whom from long use and experience it has become indispensable, have universally given it their approval; and the medical profession, though generally slow to admit a new medicine, or to endorse anything but their own practice, have in thousands of instances adopted it, and not only use it freely, but cheerfully recommend it. Like a true friend, the more we use it and know it the better we like it.

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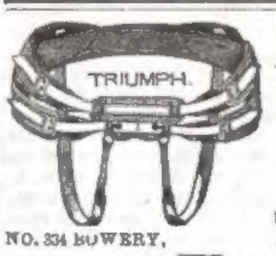

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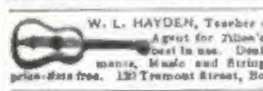

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THE BOUDOIR.

We have had many requests lately to give some practical hints about mourning toilettes, and propose therefore to attend to that branch of fashion this week.

To commence with the deep, or as the French say *le grande deuil*, the material for the dress should be either of bombazine or the finest variety of Henrietta cloth, this latter we prefer. The dress may be made without an overskirt, but we admire very much the effect of a plain graceful overdress, hanging in soft folds. No trimming is admissible in deep mourning but folds of the material combined with English crape. We give description of a model dress, made in France, intended for deep mourning.

The material fine Henrietta cloth. The underskirt is trimmed with first a deep, six inch wide fold of material, put on eight inches from the bottom of the skirt; above this is a fold of crape, same width, then another fold of cloth. The overskirt is long, ample, and rounded in shape. A fold of the material, headed by a crape fold, edges it. It is draped at the sides and drawn away towards the back. The underbasque, for house wear, is plain cuirass shape, edged with a piping of the material, headed by a crape fold. The front is closed by crape bows. Deep cuffs of crape finish the plain coat sleeves, and a round standing collar, ending in revers and covered with crape, completes the neck. The overbasque, or sacque for outdoor wear, is half-tight fitting, shorter in the back than at the sides, and double-breasted in front. Crochet buttons of lustreless silk twist fasten it. A deep fold of crape trims the edge; and a plastron of crape is placed down the middle of the back. A double cuff of crape trims the sleeves. A double row of crape folds trims the skirt of the sacque at the middle of the back. The hat or bonnet worn with this suit is simple in shape, close at the back, and slightly flared in front, and is covered with English crape doubled. A band of crape, laid in folds encircles the crown, and a large double bow of crape is placed a little to the left of the front. A folded scarf of fine white crape lisse is placed across the front, under the flared rim, and a basque veil of the same is worn over the face. A long heavy veil of English crape is pinned on the hat and thrown back in heavy folds.

A costume for lighter mourning is of Tamise cloth, and is made with the lower skirt trimmed with one heavy box-pleated flounce, above which is a shirring. The deep overskirt has a diagonal front, one part overlapping the other, and is trimmed with a shirring of the material. The basque has two pipings of the material around it, and is cuirass shape. The sleeves are half-tight fitting, and have a shirring on the outer seam. The hat is of lustreless silk and crape, and the veil is lighter and shorter; the front is filled in with crape and silk flowers.

A costume for a person coming out of mourning, is of black lustreless silk. The overdress of striped black and white silk, trimmed with folds of lustreless black silk. The basque has sleeves of black silk, and a shirred plastron of the same down the back and in front. Hat of black felt, trimmed with white and black ostrich tips and a twilled scarf of black silk.

An evening or dinner toilette in very light mourning, just the transition stage to colors, is of mauve colored gros grain silk for an underskirt, trimmed with a shirring of crape of the same shade at the bottom, dotted here and there with pale lilac Marguerites. The overskirt is of crape, the palest shade of lilac, and is looped here and there with clusters of white and lilac Marguerites. The waist is a plain cuirass corsage of the mauve, with sleeves of puffed lilac crape, and a folded fichu or Martha Washington cape of the lilac crape. The sleeves have a row on the outer seam of white and lilac Marguerites, and a cluster of the same fastens the kerchief upon the bust. An edge of fine white duchesse lace trims the kerchief, forming a jabot in front; also trims the sleeves at the wrists, and is worn in a frill about the throat. A cluster of lilac and white Marguerites is worn high up in the puffs of hair on the left side. A pocket of mauve silk, covered with puffings of lilac crape, is placed on the overskirt.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Sashes and neckties for children are shown in Roman colors in woolen material, they are durable and pretty.

Ties for evening wear, of pale tinted crepe de chine edged with honiton and duchesse laces, are the newest style.

Embroidery is very much worn on overdresses and polonaises of cashmere.

Toilette setts, with pincushion and mats of pink or blue silk, covered with Valenciennes insertion and lace combined with fine sheer muslin, and with a horn-shaped catch-all, lined with silk and covered with lace and muslin to match the pincushion cover and mats, are very much used.

Setts of silver fox furs have muffs of brown velvet edged with fur, and stripe of fur lined with silk for the neck.

Fine nets for the hair are shown in silk, delicate as a hair and of colors to match the locks of the wearer.

Natural flowers are worn in the hair and on the bosom, put in a little glass tube filled with water to keep them fresh.

Bangles for the arm are shown in tortoise-shell and vulcanite.

Fashionable letter paper has the Centennial Buildings finely engraved as a heading.

Striped Boston shawls are much in vogue now, and are to be had very reasonably.

Coral jewelry is combined with fine jet, with etruscan gold mounting.

New cameo jewelry has a dark background, and is set with fine pearls in pointed knife-edge setting.

A new belt, called La Juive, is of black velvet, embroidered with real bullion that will not tarnish. The gold or silver threads are in long stitches close together, forming a branching pattern that is very effective, especially when worn with black dresses and quaint gold or silver jewelry, such as bangles, dog-collar, chatelaine, and ear-hoops.

Over dresses of "solid" Valenciennes lace—that is, without muslin—are made of stripes of wide insertion edged with broad lace. The overskirt is shawl shaped, forming a deep apron, with tabs behind. The jacket fits the figure closely.

A luxurious garment for winter is the French quilted petticoat. It is far lighter than those brought from England, as it is wadded with eider-down. The lining is opera flannel of finest quality. There are scarlet silk petticoats lined with white flannel and edged with ecru cashmere lace; pale blue silk skirts are edged with white linen lace, or else a heavy Valenciennes; rose-colored skirts have rose flannel linings and a pleating of rose silk on the bottom.

Myrtle green, nut brown, navy blue and plum, are now the most stylish colors for children.

OUR WORK TABLE.

There is quite an attractive and novel style of fancy work in vogue now; the materials required for which are so simple and inexpensive, and the effect of which is so pleasing, that we feel sure such of our readers who are unacquainted with it will thank us for describing it. It is embroidery upon Burlaps or coffee bag canvass. Rugs and footmats are made of it.

Our model for description is an oblong mat or rug to place in front of a desk, sofa, or piano. It requires a yard and a half of the burlaps, a yard and a quarter of red chintz or coarse flannel, for lining; two ounces of Germantown wool of a bright scarlet color, two of pale blue, and two of the mottled gray variety, known as chinchilla or "Guinea hen" color. Work the border in common cross-stitch, single or double, with a very coarse embroidery needle, in a Grecian pattern, using as a guide any pattern of that design intended to be wrought upon ordinary canvas. Work three lines of it, first the scarlet, then the pale blue, then the chinchilla. For the four corners any suitable design may be used—a small cluster of leaves was the one chosen for the article under description, surrounding a Marguerite wrought in long point de Russe stitch. The Marguerite is, in one corner of the blue, in the next red, and so alternated; the leaves are of the chinchilla, veined with red and blue. A larger cluster of Marguerites and leaves is placed in the centre, the same rules for color being observed as in the corners. The edges of the canvas are fringed out to the depth of four inches all around, and an overcasting stitch of red and blue taken at the top to prevent further raveling. The under side is then lined with the chintz or flannel, and if desired, a few layers of cotton batting or sheets of dark colored wadding put in between. We can purchase the canvas, wool and patterns for any of our readers, if desired.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. J. T. OCTURY.—Answered your letter, giving price of Ulster overcoat pattern.

MRS. J. L.—We can furnish the opera hood pattern for twenty-five cents, and two stamps for postage.

ANNIE M.—Your dress of slate-gray silk, and cashmere overskirt of the same shade, can be altered to suit the present style. Cut the deep flounce in half and make two flounces, put on in small close box pleats, or else knife pleating. Make the overskirt pointed in front, looped high on the sides; put a bias fold around the bottom, piped with silk. Make the cashmere basque sleeveless, and have the sleeves of the waist of silk. Sash of silk to match, with fringed ends. Thanks for your very kind letter. NEMO.

GIRARD AVENUE BRIDGE, FAIRMOUNT PARK.

This bridge, over the Schuylkill, connecting the East and West Parks, but recently erected, is one of the most elegant, substantial and imposing structures of the kind in existence.

It is constructed of iron, 1,000 feet in length, 100 feet wide, and consists of five spans, Pratt trusses, 53 feet above mean water mark. The roadway is of granite blocks, and is 67½ feet wide; the sidewalks, each 16½ feet wide, are paved with slate, with encaustic tile borders. The balustrade and cornice are ornamented with very handsome bronze panels, representing birds and foliage.

The cost of this bridge was $1,404,445.00. The scene on this bridge on a beautiful afternoon is a wonderful one. It has been described as "A continuous string of carriages, tangled in what seems inextricable confusion; four-in-hands with their nobby outriders; coaches, landaus, dog-carts, young misses curveting on the saddle, and young masters ambling beside them on their ponies; beaus, belles, husbands, wives, children, old, young, wealth, fashion, pretense, silks, laces, diamonds—Vanity Fair out airing itself."

"UPSET."

BY W. A. ROSE.

Summer had come at last, Spring had refused to any longer allow chill Winter to linger in her lap, and the increasing solidity of the atmosphere in the city induced us to carefully scan the advertisement columns of the daily papers, with a view of determining where we should spend "the season."

It was incumbent upon us that we should follow fashion's routine and go "out of town," for we were classified among the *haut ton*, and had to keep up appearances, though our monetary means to enable us so to do had sadly, but decidedly decreased since the halcyon days when our wealthy grandpapa on the maternal side had signed his name, with a bad pen, execrable ink and distorted caligraphy to the grand old Declaration of Independence.

But it would never do to shut up the front of the *petite maison* in —— street, and live in exclusion and hermitage in the rear of that unpretentious tenement, so we had to select a rural retreat, consult our purses and our tastes, and perform the most difficult task our sex can have set—make up our minds.

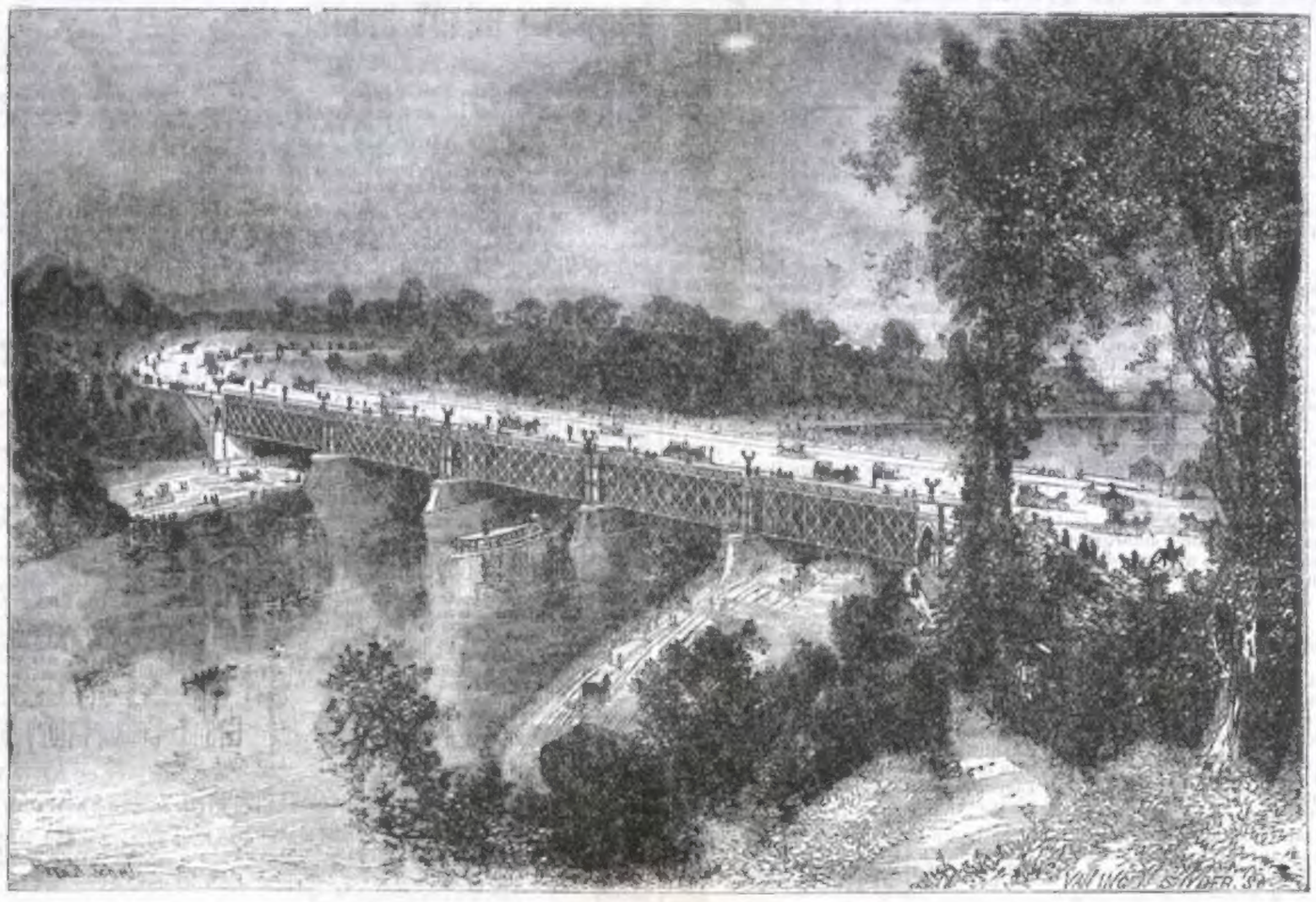
Alfred, Henry and Albert Quintard; the sons of the Squire, were all fine looking, handsome and intelligent young men, aged twenty-six, twenty-five and twenty-three, respectively, while their only sister, a sweet girl of eighteen, was, unfortunately, a cripple. Albert Quintard was my favorite, a clever, amiable fellow, full of vivacity, brimming over with fun, brave as a lion, yet ever gentle and courteous.

We used to ride far out into the country together; it was he who baited my hooks when we went on a fishing excursion in the Mayflower, the 'Squire's trim yacht, he who, lying at my feet, shielded from the rays of the noontide sun by the wide-spreading branches of a stately tree, read to me passages from the works of our favorite poets. Yet we never spoke of love or affection; it may seem strange, but I do not think that even the thought of anything more than friendly regard for him ever entered my mind during those pleasant summer hours.

One day we all agreed to go for a sail far down the Sound, and the young Quintards tossed a cent to decide who should act as captain during the day. I was appointed chief stewardess, that is to say, I had to hand out sandwiches and chicken salad in accordance with as he swam up with my insensible aunt. "Come on as fast as you can, boys; some hoisting power's required," he added.

I do not think that we were lifted very elegantly or tenderly into the yacht, but I've got a rather vivid recollection of everybody exchanging wet kisses when aunty revived, and we saw a fishing-boat standing directly down towards us.

That's the end of my story. We girls are all matrons now, as an Irishman would say, and Albert's knife just pointed my pen. It will be an heirloom in our family, I fancy.



GIRARD AVENUE BRIDGE, FAIRMOUNT PARK.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE stars which scintillate the most belong to the first type of spectra, having four spectral lines, while those that scintillate weakly belong to the third group, having nebulous bands and dark lines. The red stars scintillate less than the white ones.

BAGS of india-rubber inserted in a collapsed state by divers, and then filled with air by means of force-pumps, have been used to raise sunken vessels in Russia with considerable success. The method was first suggested by Prof. St. Claire, of Edinburgh University, in 1785, but the india-rubber industry was then undeveloped.

OIL PAINT FOR FLOORS.—None but earth-colors should be used in painting floors, and the rapid wearing off of a coating of oil-paint on a floor is a sure indication that white lead has been mixed with the paint. This is generally the case, since it causes the paint to cover better and spread easier. Even the employment of a varnish that has been boiled with litharge should be avoided, and one boiled with borate of manganese preferred. It is also very important that the first coating should be perfectly dry before a second is laid on.

AS an instance of the mighty applications of mechanical power which this age brings forth, we may mention that at the Crewe Steel Works a circular saw cuts slabs from hot steel ingots as easily as an ordinary saw cuts boards off a log of oak. The slabs vary in width from twelve to twenty inches. Ingots or cranks can thus be accurately and cleanly shaped, with great economy of time and labor. This tremendous saw is five-sixteenths of an inch thick, seven feet diameter, makes one hundred revolutions per minute, and has a speed of one hundred and fifty miles per hour at its circumference.

IN the manufacture of glass vault-lights for sidewalks, roofs, decks, etc., a new system of inserting the lights meets with some favor. Each glass has a screw cut in the side, and two studs are placed in the opening designed to hold it. By this means the glasses may be screwed or locked in without the aid of putty. An elastic ring is placed under the glass for a cushion to resist the contraction of the iron, and to save the glass from the shock of a blow on top. The chief advantages of this system of setting these glasses is the ease of removal for ventilation and repairs, and a tight joint.

A HINT ABOUT LOOKING-GLASSES.—It is a fact well worth knowing, but which does not seem to be generally understood, that the amalgam of tin-foil with mercury, which is spread on glass plates to make looking-glasses, is very readily crystallized by actinic solar rays. A mirror hung where the sun can shine on it is usually spoiled; it takes a granulated appearance familiar to housekeepers, though they may not be acquainted with the cause of the change. In such a state the article is nearly worthless, the continuity of the surface is destroyed, and it will not reflect outlines with any approach to precision. Care must therefore be exercised in hanging.

EXPERIMENTS WITH NATURAL FLOWERS.—A simple means of temporarily changing the colors of natural flowers is by immersing the stems in liquid ammonia. In this way blue, violet, and purple flowers are changed to green, and white ones to yellow. The natural color returns in a few hours. Another interesting process, of which flowers also form the subject, was recently brought to the notice of the Society of Arts. It is a method for coating natural flowers, as well as leaves, with silver, by the application of electro-metallurgy; in other words, simply electro-plating them. The most delicate ornaments can thus be obtained, preserving with exquisite detail the outline and form of each leaf and petal.

IN France, where the natural ice is too thin to have any commercial value, it is proposed to press the thin sheets together in an ordinary screw or lever press till they recongeal into single masses. It is estimated that two men with a press and a good supply of ice can make three thousand blocks of merchantable ice in a day. The idea has been scientifically reported upon by Tyndall and others, and might be worthy of experiment in our States south of the ice crop line. Snow has been treated in the same way, and a very fair article of ice produced from it. The only objection to snow-ice is the impurities it is apt to take up from the air, which give it a disagreeable taste.

A DESCRIPTION of a novel mode of putting in a concrete foundation was given at a meeting of the Institute of British Architects. Gas-works were to be built in a marsh, and an excavation was required for the gasometer. Instead of excavating to a great depth, with piling, strutting, and shoring of surrounding earth, cylinders of concrete, about six feet in diameter and six feet in height, were let in. The lowermost section was pointed, the soft soil was lifted by machinery, the cylinder sank by its own weight; another section was put on, and another and another, until the heavy mass had penetrated to the required depth. On a series of cylinders, or columns, thus sunk through the marsh, the gasometer, two hundred feet in diameter, was erected.

"UPSET."

To define the "we" I have used up to this point, I must state that our household consisted of a dear old nonentity of a maiden aunt, who nominally acted as chaperone and kept beneath her sheltering wing the chicks her dead sister, our mother, had bequeathed to her care.

Marion, my senior by three years, was at the period of which I write a tall, handsome girl of five-and-twenty years; stately in carriage and presence, cold almost to repelling in manner, and the possessor of "advanced" ideas on the subject of the relative positions of the sexes. She despised men and admired women—which was singular, considering she herself was a beauty, and a woman.

Alice was two years my junior, having only just emerged from her teens; a gay, merry, pretty mad-cap, with laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks and a wealth of hair matrimonial argonauts might be forgiven for mistaking for the golden fleece. As to myself, I never admitted into my heart "the devil's darling vice, the pride that apes humility," and, therefore, I frankly confess that men considered me "exceedingly nice-looking"—and my mirror told me that their judgment did not err in that respect. With the same honesty I also distinctly aver that none of our trio were on the look-out for husbands, in fact Alice was the only one who ever condescended to give admirers any encouragement at all. Marion's hand and heart had been solicited by dozens of rich and amorous suitors. Two vapid aristocrats and a rich lawyer, old enough to be my grandfather, had condescended to propose to me—and had been promptly rejected. At Ally's feet none had yet dared to kneel. We were happy and contented in our single-blessedness, and Marion's proud lip would curl scornfully when Aunt Maria talked about "woman's mission"—which, bye-the-bye, she had been careful not to undertake herself.

After much discussion, it was finally determined that we should eschew fashionable watering-places, avoid the mountain resorts and betake ourselves for the season to a little quiet hum-drum village on the Long Island shore of the Sound. At this place some of our friends had rusticated a few years previous, and we deemed it pleasanter and cheaper to follow their example than to rush into the vortex of the whirlpool of Fashion at the Springs, the mountains or the Summer cities by the sea.

We went to Catchogue, we saw and we were satisfied. A pretty little antiquated fishing-village, surrounded by small farms, with the good, kindly, homely Boeotians occupying one of which we took up our abode. For the first week or two we revelled in the delights of unlimited buttermilk, strawberries, and such-like rural delicacies; we gathered violets, mosses and ferns in the wildwood, blistered our feet and bronzed our faces in our peregrinations, and thought that the *summum bonum* of bliss was obtained. But it soon became a question of *toujours perdreaux*. Even the buttermilk and berries palled upon our palates, and we were beginning to experience the miseries of *ennui* augmented by two days continued rain, when our hostess informed us that 'Squire Quintard, the owner of a fine estate in the vicinity of Catchogue, had returned with his family from an extended tour in Europe, and intended to reside at the Manor House, his country-seat during the summer.

Aunt Maria was well acquainted with Mr. Quintard, in fact I believe she was an old flame of his, and soon a very warm intimacy grew into existence between his family and our little quartette.

Captain Albert's orders. Aunty was butler, and served out limited libations of cold punch at discreet intervals during the voyage.

A fresh, invigorating breeze was blowing when Alfred slipped the Mayflower's moorings, and we sped rapidly and merrily out towards the blue distance, where the dividing line of horizon was only indistinctly visible from our deck.

I should have heretofore mentioned that the Mayflower was merely a sloop of about six tons carrying capacity, I think sailors call it, and her cabin was a most primitive affair, as she was only half-decked. She was a capital sea-boat, despite her Lilliputian proportions, and she cut the waves into sparkling spray as she dashed over them.

"There's a squall coming up from leeward, Al, and you had better mind your helm," said Henry Quintard, when we had been sailing about six hours, and had lightened cargo by devouring all the edibles.

"I see it, old fellow. You ladies will get wet bonnets, I fear," was the reply.

But Albert did not mind his helm, for he was just describing to me the beauties of Lake Como, when the squall struck us. In a second the mast snapped short off, and the weight of her mainsail dragging in the water capsized the boat.

I felt myself sinking; I thought we were all lost; I thought of aunty—and of Albert.

The salt water hissed in my ears; the terrors of death were upon me. Then, as I came to the surface, I felt a strong arm clasp me, and, as half exhausted by fright I leaned my head helplessly upon a sturdy swimmer's chest, I heard murmured in my ear the words:

"Courage, darling!"

It was Albert who upheld me. My senses returned; I became calm; I felt contented to die in the arms of the man I then felt, for the first time, that I loved.

"Courage, darling!"

The words were repeated, and Albert bent his face over me and kissed me through the meshes of my wet and draggled hair, as he struggled gallantly through the curling waves.

He reached the boat, and lifted me with his great manly arms so high out of water that I could grasp her keel. Again he kissed me.

"My pet, I must save the others, if possible. Hold on tight. If I perish, remember that I loved you well."

My lips sought his voluntarily. I could see no hope of salvation with my spray-blinded eyes, but I longed for life, for I loved.

"That gives me new hope," he said. "Cling tightly."

As the mist clearing unveiled my eyes, I could see the others struggling in the surge. Albert had reached aunty, and was bearing her in his brawny arms towards me. Alfred had caught a floating oar and placed Marion upon it, while Henry was swimming bravely up, with Ally's golden hair streaming across his breast.

I felt nerved to action. Some of the rigging was near at hand, and I thought that if I cut it the mast might float down toward the swimmers. Fortunately, I had Albert's knife in my pocket. I had taken it for fun that morning. It was a large affair, with a corkscrew and heavy blades in it. I opened it, and, reaching down, cut the strands of the largest rope I could see, a back-stay. In an instant the Mayflower righted, tossing me again into the water. But I grasped her gunwale before I sank, and a loud-voiced "Bravo!" from Albert sent a thrill of courage through me.

"All right now, Katey," cried Albert,

any offence whatever. Such a thing was never heard of before, and the Londoners began to think the millenium is approaching.

A. T. STEWART pays about $120,000 in taxes on his real estate in New York city. His wholesale store is assessed at $1,150,000, and taxed $32,200; his retail store, assessed at $850,000, pays $23,800, and he pays $18,800 tax on his house on Fifth avenue, which is assessed at $600,000.

THIS year will be a great year for this American nation. It is leap year, Presidential election year and the Centennial Anniversary of our Independence, and for the purpose of giving us a rest during so much excitement there will be one extra Sunday, or fifty-three in all.

THE Japanese of all classes are intensely anxious for the spread of education. New schools are being opened and educational endowments made by individuals almost daily. A few days ago the Empress in person opened the normal school for girls at Tokio, and delivered an address.

AT Providence, R. I., on January 1st, a thermometer exposed to the sun registered 100°. It was 62° in the shade at Milford, Pa., the same day. At Reading, on January 2d, the thermometer marked 92° in the sun and 68° in the shade. In Philadelphia, on same day, 67° in the shade was registered at the Signal Office.

THE Suez Canal is rapidly filling up with sand, debris, etc., and the English engineers say it will be necessary to deepen it. Dredging will require another outlay of pounds sterling. Great caution was observed during the passage of H. M. S. Serapis, with the Prince of Wales on board, to prevent scraping or fouling her bottom.

DR. HAYES, in a recent lecture on his visit to the millennial celebration in Iceland last summer, referred to a fact that shows how different is the civilization of that little northern island from ours. The capital, with a population of 1,500, has a jail, which, though built thirty years ago, has never had an inmate with the exception of the jailor.

DR. PETERMAN, the eminent German geographer, is satisfied from researches that the diamond fields of Zimbabye, Africa, are identical with the Ophir of the Bible, from which King Solomon is said to have conveyed gold and ivory and precious stones for the construction of the temple. The place now possesses ruins and extensive piles of buildings of unquestionably remote antiquity.

A VERY pretty engagement ring has been received by a West End young lady. It is a cameo design of lilies; under them lies a nymph sound asleep; Cupid stands over her, with a comically figured face, presses one hand upon her bosom, while with the other he draws out a tiny arrow. The ring appears to be too delicate for an engagement ring, and the design would be very prettily shown off in a gentleman's scarf-pin.

SOME idea of the expense of modern warfare may be obtained from a few facts. It costs $3,000,000 to build and arm one of the English ironclad war steamers, and the Duke of Cambridge, in a recent speech about the British army, which he commands, stated that the new 81-ton gun cost $75,000, and that every shot fired out of that formidable piece of artillery would cost $125. It is intended, moreover, to construct still larger and more expensive guns.

THE way they build a Methodist church at Clarendon, in Canada, is that the gentlemen pay for the building, the young men for the painting and furnishing, the ladies for the carpets, and the young ladies for the lamps. Exactly where comes in the dividing line between carpets and lamps, we are puzzled to know. There are churches in which, under this regulation, the floors might go bare, while enough lighting apparatus would be furnished to dazzle the eyes of all beholders.

PROF. PROCTOR being recently interviewed on the subject of undeveloped social science, said that the frequence of divorce which now appalls the moral public can be dated from the advent of pipe water. He asserted that no two people could fearlessly confront a bursted water pipe without bitter recrimination on both sides. And the "I told you so," of the wife, and the "Shut up your infernal gab," of the husband were the seeds of a discord which ripen into bitterness, and bore the unhallowed flowers of continual misery. It is quite evident from this that none of the gifted professor's family are plumbers.

AT a recent wedding in Baltimore, the profusion of flowers and floral designs was indescribably magnificent. Among them was a globe with the continents and oceans marked out in colored flowers, and a ship under full sail; the lace curtains of the windows were dotted with bouquets of rosebuds, heliotrope and geranium; the mantels and staircases were banked with the most delicate of flowers, interspersed with tropical plants; smilax trailed everywhere, and formed a canopy over the bride, beneath which hung an immense marriage bell of camellias and tuberoses, the tongue of the bell being composed of blood-red flowers, and, to cap the climax, the bridegroom presented his bride with an immense basket of flowers of the greatest rarity.

POSTSCRIPTS.

ONLY 160 degrees difference—21 below zero at Ottawa, and 139 above at Jacksonville, Fla., on December 17th, 1875.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia has been exiled to the Caucasus for four months, on account of his heavy indebtedness and his general disorderly life.

BEARS in Wisconsin are not going into winter quarters, the Indians say. This indicates a mild season, but makes it bad for stray calves and small boys.

THE income last year from the crown lands in England was $1,630,390. The cost of collection, local management and superintendence was less than 3 per cent.

ON the twenty-second of November last the 4,000,000 people of London lived twenty-four hours without there being a single arrest for

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Dead Love. My Kate. Mrs. Robinson's Cook. Life's Lessons. Centennial Hymn. True Heroism. The Minister's Choice. May Morton's Fortune. Scandal Row.

OPERATOR.—The best book we can recommend you on the subject, is Pope's "Modern Practice of the Electric Telegraph," which, if you wish, we can get for you and send you on your remitting $2.50.

KENT.—The reason why the seat of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords is called "Woolsack," is that it is a large square bag of wool, without back or arms, and is covered with red cloth.

J. F. W.—If you are acquainted with the bride, all you have to do is to offer her your wishes for her future happiness. Never *congratulate* a lady upon her marriage; such felicitations are, with good taste, tendered to the bridegroom, not to the bride.

A FRIEND.—After having escorted a lady home from a party, if the hour was late, we think the gentleman should have waited until some member of the house answered the bell, or at least until some sound was heard from within, to be sure the ring was heard.

MODEST EFFIE.—You should not permit yourself to fall in love with a man before you are quite sure he loves you. We cannot indicate any better way to ascertain his feelings than that which you have adopted—judge by his actions. As to making a man love you, there is no recipe for that.

E. M. R.—"Is there any reason why the 4th of March was the day fixed upon as Inauguration Day, and if so, please tell me what it is?" The following is the reason why the 4th of March is the day appointed for the inauguration of our Presidents: Congress appointed the first Wednesday in January, 1789, for the people to choose electors, the first Wednesday in February for those electors to choose a President, and the first Wednesday in March for the government to go into operation. The last named day fell upon the 4th, and hence the 4th of March following the election of a President is Inauguration Day.

J. F. F.—Since you ask us to give you our candid opinion, we do so the more willingly that we believe it would be mistaken kindness or courtesy on our part to refrain from doing so. We cannot hold out to you any encouragement in hoping that you will be able to earn your livelihood by writing for the press, judging from the MSS you sent to us for the purpose of examination. There are thousands who have more experience and more talent who cannot obtain any remuneration at all, much less a living for their literary labors, owing of course in a great measure to the field being overstocked, and if they cannot succeed, what chance is there for a beginner, and one so inexperienced as yourself?

E. O. S.—We do not know what the initials you quote mean; we never saw them on any visiting cards. As to turning down the corners of cards, to turn down *one* corner, denoting a call in person, is the only mutilation of the card practiced by people of fashion now-a-days. The custom of engraving words on the reverse side of the card to be turned down to view and explain the nature of the visit, does not prevail here. The following are the words we refer to: On the upper left hand corner *Visite* is written and turned down, to signify that an ordinary call is made; for a visit of congratulation *Felicitation* appears on the opposite corner; *Conge* in the lower left corner denotes a parting call; and *Condolence* in the remaining corner explains itself.

A. OGLE.—About the commencement of the present century, a mining engineer named Trevithick first produced the locomotive engine. Railways were already in use at various collieries in England, and the possibilities of introducing locomotives on common roads had been considered by Watts and other inventors, but the high-pressure engine was regarded by them unsafe for such purposes, and the plan was given over. Trevithick persevered with the project until he had constructed a locomotive working by adhesion alone, and moving at a velocity of five miles an hour while dragging a burden of fifteen tons. Unfortunately one of his engines exploded at an early stage in his experiments, and the accident threw his invention into discredit. In the hands of George Stephenson the locomotive was afterward immensely improved, and the present system of railroad travel introduced into England.

T. A. B.—"What is alcohol that we hear so much about?" We give you the following familiar explanation: If a solution of sugar be exposed to the air for any length of time, no change will take place, but if vegetable or animal organic matter be present fermentation commences, and a fresh principle is formed, which may be separated by distillation. The first distillation is comparatively weak, but by the use of caustic potash, which has a powerful affinity for water, absolute alcohol is obtained. Pure alcohol is colorless and limpid, pungent to the taste and smell. It is very inflammable, and burns without smoke. It mixes with water in all proportions, and has a great attraction for it. Its solvent powers are great, especially with respect to resins and resinous gums. The strength of alcohol is in exact proportion to its density, which is estimated by means of an hydrometer.

J. R. K. (Cherokee).—"Can you explain to me all about the leaning Tower of Pisa that I have read about; how is it that it does not fall down?" When bodies are supported upon a basis, their stability depends on the position of the line of their direction. If the line of direction fall within the base upon which the body stands, it will be supported; but if it fall without the base, the body overturns. The celebrated leaning tower of Pisa, 315 feet high, which inclines 12 feet from a perfectly upright position, is an example of this principle. For instance the line falling from the top of the tower to the ground, and passing through the centre of gravity, falls within the base, and the tower stands securely. But had an attempt been made to build the tower a little higher, so that the perpendicular line passing through the centre of gravity would have fallen beyond the base, the structure could not have supported itself. The larger the base of a body, and the nearer its principal mass is to the base, the more firmly it will stand.

AN OLD FRIEND.—"I am puzzled to know whether 'The mills of the Gods grind slowly,' or 'The mill of the Gods' is right, and can you tell me who was the author of the praise?" This saying is one of the oldest in the world. How long before Plutarch wrote, it was in use, no one can say. He writes "I do not see what better it is to them who grind late in those so called mills of the Gods," etc., expressing the idea of punishment coming late. There is an old Greek line of poetry by some unknown author: "*Opse theon alesousi mulai, alesousi de lepton*" (the mills of the Gods grind late, but grind fine). In late Latin the expression, "*Sero molunt Deorum molae*," in which the idea was, with emphasis on *molunt*; "the mills of the Gods do grind at last (late)." George Herbert, in his Jacula Prudentum, says: "God's mill grinds slow, but sure." Longfellow translates from Frederich Von Logau, Seventeenth Century:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet
they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with
exactness grinds He all."

J. B. H.—You say that a change has taken place in your circumstances, and that you are now a poor man. You ask for our advice as to what you should do about an engagement which you had made with a young lady when your circumstances were such as to warrant your doing so. Your duty is plain and unmistakable. It is to acquaint the young lady at once with your misfortunes, however severe a trial it may be to you to do so, and to offer her a release from the engagement in your changed condition. What her reply may be, of course we cannot pretend to form any idea of. Some ladies would be apt, under the circumstances, to accept the offer, others again would refuse to be released from the engagement, and to desert their lover just when he needs all the sympathy and encouragement possible to enable him to face the world once more. A great deal of course depends in judging of what is right or wrong in the matter, upon the degree in which the misfortune arises from deficiencies in the man's own ability or character. It may be that he is reckless, or stupid, or lazy, or too fond of pleasure to mind his business. We say this with our any personal reference to yourself, for we know nothing of you, but just to show how the lady's decision on your offer (if you make it) will probably be decided. Let us hope that your case may be one in which you deserve and will obtain the lady's sympathy and love to cheer you on, and that you will be more successful in your new battle of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.—PAULINE.—Tell him that you do not care for divided attentions, and ask him how he would like to have you act in the same manner. J. M. S.—It is never well to let persons know the unpleasant things that are said about them. Let them find it out for themselves. H. A. F.—A gentleman is always introduced to the lady, and not the lady to the gentleman. 2. After introduction, either can commence the conversation who feels like it. T. N.—We are sorry to say your verses do not quite come up to our standard. MAUD.—Your remark was certainly a very inconsiderate one, and we are not surprised at his being offended. ADRIAN.—The 13th of December, 1875, fell on a Tuesday. LIZZIE P.—We know nothing about the institution, but if you will be advised by us, you would apply to any respectable medical man in preference to doing as you propose. A. BLONDE.—If the gentleman is only a casual acquaintance, we think you were wrong in accepting a present from him, under the circumstances.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*